

John Wesley

# WESLEY'S HOUSE

## SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN WESLEY'S CHAPEL

AT THE

## DEDICATION SERVICES

HELD ON

*FEBRUARY 27 AND 28, MARCH 1 AND 2, 1898*

REVISED BY THE AUTHORS

London:

CHARLES H. KELLY

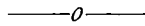
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# Preface.



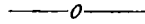
THE Sermons and Addresses contained in this volume were delivered in connection with the Dedication of Wesley's House, City Road, London, and the clearing of the debt on Wesley's Chapel and other property on the estate, in March 1898.

It is a Memorial Volume, and celebrates a very successful effort which was carried through chiefly by the Rev. Thomas E. Westerdale. It gives proof of the brotherly spirit of Christian men of various Churches. Their utterances and interest in the work are a noble testimony to the memory of John Wesley. The wonderfully prompt liberality of the people in response to appeals for help is a strong proof of the affection of the sons and daughters of Methodism to their Church.

The fine Christian feeling of the services, and the rich spiritual blessing that was realised, gave evidence that the fervour of the people has not abated, nor the blessing of

God been withdrawn from the Methodists. Old and young, preachers and people, and the strangers within our gates, were alike conscious of the presence of God in the sanctuary, and alike rejoiced in the re-dedication of the place, free from debt, for the service of the Master and in memory of His servant.

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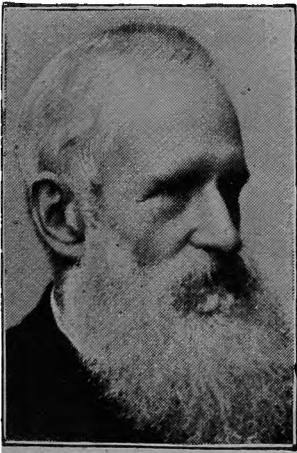
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# Church Prosperity.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

—o—

*“O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity.”—*  
PSALM cxviii. 25.



THIS is one of the most remarkable of the Psalms. There can be no question about its inspiration, for it is endorsed by Christ Himself. You will remember He quoted from this psalm again and again; and it has been a favourite with God's people through all the generations. Martin Luther gloried in it; and ever since there have been right-hearted men who have turned to it with glad hearts. The author is unknown; and the time when it was written is unknown. But it was evidently written in connection with some remarkable event in the history of the Jewish people—probably when the Ark was brought from the house of Obed-Edom to Mount Zion, or at the dedication of the Temple; but the spirit is clear to all of us. It was written by some devout man who had entered most heartily into the services, and who, seeing that they had obtained everything that was material, then lifted his heart to heaven and asked for the Spirit of God to crown and sanctify the whole.

And surely this will be the feeling of everyone that loves this grand old place. You have been doing wonders, and everybody has looked on with, shall I say? grateful astonishment. And now, let us try to get the spirit of the text and say, "The gold and silver—the material gifts—having been bestowed, crown them all by the manifestation of Thy presence and saving power! Let this be the beginning of a new era! O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity!"

First, let me ask, In what does the prosperity of a church consist? Or in other words, When may a church be said to be prosperous? And copying the example of Mr. Wesley in some of his sermons, let me first show in what the prosperity of the church does *not* consist.

A church cannot be said to be prosperous merely when it is a large and handsome place in which to meet; for, however large and handsome the place may be, unless the Spirit of God be there, it will only be a splendid tomb. A church cannot, also, be said to be prosperous merely when it has a learned and eloquent minister; for, however learned and eloquent a man may be, unless he be taught of God, his words will only be as the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Again, a church cannot be said to be prosperous when surging crowds are gathered in its courts. I want to say a word about that, because it seems to me that there is a great danger of us, as Methodists, making a crowd the be-all and the end-all. There are many ways in which a crowd may be attracted. It may be attracted by the beauty of the place—you have but to think of St. Peter's at Rome, where tens of thousands gather every year to see this. A crowd may be attracted by the eloquence of the minister. Large numbers gather to hear an eloquent man on a week-day, how much more are they likely to gather on a Sunday! A crowd may be gathered by the beauty of the music. Men flock to a concert on a week-day; how much more are they likely to gather on a Sunday—admission free! And then my last word upon this point

is a sad one. A crowd may be attracted by the unfaithfulness of the man that occupies the sacred place. For let a man forget his high calling, and, instead of preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God, utter the devil's whisper, "Hath God said?" and multitudes will gather around him and approve his saying. Do not misunderstand me. I am not finding fault with large and handsome buildings, or with an eloquent and learned ministry, or beautiful music, or the surging crowd. On the contrary, I hold that Christ should have the best of everything, the best place, the best music, and the vastest throng. In all things He should have the pre-eminence. These things are all desirable if they can be obtained by right conditions; but if not, instead of being blessings they will become a curse. Instead of being signs of prosperity, they will be proofs of weakness and decay. So I turn again to my question, and ask—

When may a church be said to be prosperous? I answer, When the members of that church are in vigorous health, and their numbers are constantly increasing.

First, when the members are in vigorous health. I need hardly tell you that there may be life without vigorous health. It is so physically. You meet with illustrations on every side. Go where I will, I meet old friends who, when I ask them how they are, the reply comes most monotonously, "Thank you; I have not been very well since I had the influenza." They are not dead, but they are not in vigorous health. Just so it is spiritually. It was so in the first days. You remember the apostle, writing to the Corinthians, said that some of them were "weak and sickly"; and Christ, speaking of the Church at Sardis, said that some of its members were "ready to die." So it is to-day. If men were as honest in replying to questions about their spiritual health as they are about the body, when they are asked, Is it well with thee? they would reply, "Thank you; I have never been very well since I read that book, or since I became unequally yoked with an unbeliever, or since I engaged in



that business, or since I yielded to that temptation." So I might go on.

Let it suffice to say, what naturally you will all endorse, that it is possible for there to be spiritual life without vigorous health. Now let us look a moment at the man that is in vigorous health, and there are several things that you will see.

First of all, his *faith will be strong*. He lives by faith. His faith in *God* will be strong. He does not live in "Doubting Castle," nor under its shadow. He knows whom he believes; he walks with God. His fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. His faith in *God's promises* is strong.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone,  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, It shall be done!"

Grasping the promise of God, he can face earth or hell. His faith in *God's providence* is strong. He can trust God anywhere, in the sunshine or the storm. If God leads him up the steep hill, you will hear him singing as he goes—

"He leadeth me, He leadeth me,  
With His own hand He leadeth me."

And if he is led down into the dark and chilly valley, he still sings—

"Close by Thy side still will I keep,  
Howe'er life's various currents flow,  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow Thee where'er Thou go."

He does not hesitate for a moment; it may be up or down; it may be in sunshine or storm, but his faith in God never fails. Then *his love will be ardent*. Our love will ever be proportionate to our faith; strong faith, ardent love; weak faith, cold love. His love to *God*, for instance. He looks up into God's face, and there is no shyness, there is no diffidence. It is a child looking

up into the face of a loving father, and you can hear him say—

“To me that bleeding love of His  
Shall ever precious be,  
Whatever He to others is,  
He’s all in all to me.”

“Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee.” His love of *the Bible* is ardent. He has a good appetite. Invalids very often find their appetites failing, and they want condiments; but a healthy man does not, he enjoys the food that is set before him. He reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests. When he has done with his Bible, you can hear him say, “O how love I Thy law! It is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb.” He loves *prayer*. He tells God everything. The invalid comes to God as a matter of form, but there is no joy about it. The hearty, earnest vigorous Christian enters into the presence of God as if it were a very gate of heaven. How eagerly he looks towards it, and how his face shines when he comes out! Even the little children around him feel that he has been holding communion with God. “He feels in the presence of Jesus, at home!” Then he loves *his brother*. Sickness very often makes us selfish. The invalid’s thoughts turn inwards, and he is always thinking about his own ailments. He wants the doctor to be at his house morning, noon, and night, and he wonders that the nurse can ever sleep when he cannot. It is in the nature of things. He becomes irritable, and is a trouble to those by whom he is surrounded. Not so with the healthy man. Everything is right with him. He is not quick to take offence, he is never thinking about himself, but he is always thinking about others, and trying to do them good.

Now, where there is vigorous health the man looks at *his brother* with an earnest, tender, longing love, and bears the burden of those by whom he is surrounded, and is ever ready with an outstretched hand to help them in the

journey of life. And then he *loves souls*. You can hear him as he passes down the very street saying—

“Oh that the world my Jesus knew,  
That all the world might love Him too !”

Strong in faith, and ardent in love, you have the healthy Christian.

Second, in the prosperous church, the numbers are constantly increasing. It was so with the primitive Church. “The Lord added to the Church daily such as were being saved.” It must be so, because such a church as that would be very attractive. Nobody is attracted to a hospital except under the influence of sympathy, but they are attracted to a bright, happy, healthy home. Make the church a healthy church, and it will be very attractive. The young people will turn their eyes towards it, and say, “These people have just what we want.” God made them to be happy. A good God never made a creature to be miserable. He has implanted in these young people’s hearts an eager longing for happiness. Let them know where they can find it. But you must not take them to a church of invalids. It is the healed men that recommend Christianity. Where faith is strong and where love is ardent, the church will be clear as the sun, and fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. People will instinctively turn towards them and say, “We will go with you, for God has spoken good concerning you.”

And then it will not only be attractive, but aggressive. A church where faith is strong, and love is ardent, will be a working church. An army of invalids will never conquer the world. It is the army of healthy men that will win the world for Christ. They will be aggressive. The love of Christ constrains them. Love does not wait for commands. It only wants opportunities. “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?” is the governing question of their lives. When men work under the influence of love they do not talk about an Eight Hours Bill. An Eight

Hours Bill is all very well for men who only work for wages, so much work for so much money, and they can balance the account, and it is done with ; but if a person works for love he cannot balance his account. Look at the mother ! Why, her work is never done ! Eight hours ! If she could have forty-eight hours it would not be too long ! She can always find something to do, and she is longing to do it. For nothing is too little for love to notice, and nothing is too great for love to attempt.

Give us a church, then, where faith is strong, that can see the invisible, that walks with God, and whose heart is throbbing with love to Him, and there you will have a power that will win the world for Christ.

And now, brethren, you come from many churches ; let me ask you, Is yours a prosperous church, or a church of invalids ? If you have any doubt about it, I would, in the second place, try to show you how this prosperity can be obtained. If I were to go to business men and show them how prosperity could be obtained they would listen to me by the hour ; but spiritual prosperity is infinitely more preferable than commercial prosperity. Given the one, you will be sure to have the other.

How can this prosperity be obtained ? First of all, examine yourselves. Your church will never be a perfectly healthy church as long as you are an invalid. Get a lot of invalids in the Church, and the Church can do nothing but nurse. The late W P. Lockhart, of Liverpool, a wonderfully successful man in winning souls, said to me just before his death, with a great deal of pathos, "It seems to me that all the work of my church is ambulance work." Well, and it is. If you have got a Class of invalids, brother, your hands will be full. One is offended on this side, another is offended on that side, and one is never coming again, and one thinks he has been a hypocrite, and all the rest of it, and you are just running from pillar to post trying to hold the poor things together ! And

let a minister have a church of invalids under him, there will be no time to attack the world. It will take him all his time to look after those sickly ones. So the first thing with every one of us is to get right ourselves.

First of all, get right with God! Peace goes before prosperity. David said, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." Get right with God! Brother, have you the consciousness of acceptance? I was struck the other day with a remark of a little girl. She is only about twelve, but she was testifying for Christ, and I said, "Well, Nellie, how do you know that you are a Christian?" And she said so sweetly, "Well, sir, you know how you feel when you have not been friends with anybody and you have made it up, don't you?" I said, "Yes." She said, "That is just how I feel; as if I and God had not been friends, and now it is made up." Brother, is it made up? Have you shaken the nail-printed hand? Can you look up into His face and say—

"My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear"?

Is it so, brethren? Do not rest until it is made up. I pray you shake hands this morning. Then you will have a glorious week. "No condemnation now I dread"—It is made up! Death will have no terror—it is made up!

Mr. Walker, the great contractor for the Ship Canal, said to me just before his death,—and I shall never forget it,—“I am not afraid to die, because I enjoy the friendship of Christ, and my comfort is this, that the Christ who will meet me on the other side is the Christ I know here.” That is the result of its being made up. Now, what have you to fear about death? It is made up! He is your Friend through the valley, and your Friend on the other side, and your Friend for ever. So get right with God.

Then get right with your brother. Peace with God,

and then peace with man. It is impossible but that offences come, and you know the old rhyme—

“The wisest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasions to forbear,  
And something every day they live  
To pity and perhaps forgive.”

So it is in the Church. There will be always something to try you. Short reckonings make long friends. If things go wrong, get them right as soon as you can; they do not benefit by keeping. Get right with your brother. You may go on your knees, but you will not have access to the mercy-seat until you are reconciled with your brother. The way is plain: “First be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift.” You say, “But he has offended me, he has insulted me, he has wronged me.” What of that? What does the Book say? Go to him! *You* are to go to *him*. And you see, brother, if you are in the right, you can afford to be generous. Go to him first. Go to thy brother first, and if you do not succeed, then get somebody else to go with you and use his influence, but do not rest until you have made it right with your brother.

You are to have the Lord’s Supper. Our Scotch friends have what they call fencing the tables. Christ has fenced the tables, and we have fenced the tables in His way. What do we say? “All ye that are in love and charity with your neighbours draw near.” Now, if you have a grudge against anybody, stand back! Go and be reconciled to your brother. Oh, I beseech you, do this! We shall never have prosperity in the Church as long as there is discord, strife, and bickering, and heart-burnings. Be reconciled to your brother! Get right with God and right with your brother!

And then be right with the world! Let your lives be in harmony with your profession, so that men, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father. Let your prayers and your life harmonise before the world. It was

when men looked on the healed men that they were silenced, and it is the healed men that are the great arguments for the truth of Christianity to-day. Christianity has suffered far more from her friends than she has from her enemies. Inconsistent men are the weakness of the Church. A consistent Church would be irresistible. Get right with the world. You say it is hard work? Yes, it is hard work. More than that, it is impossible work if you are left alone. But there is balm in Gilead; there is a Physician there.

Are you right? Let me be a spiritual physician for a minute or two. Are you good-tempered? You do not know? Well, ask those around you, they know! Are you generous? Are you always glad when there is a collection? I do not object to your smiling, because it shows you see my point. If we are a religious people, we must be thoroughly religious. A religion that does not affect a man's temper is not the religion that is likely to carry him to heaven. The religion that does not make a man generous, is not the religion that is likely to qualify him to be a companion of saints and angels to all eternity. Get right, yourselves! There is balm in Gilead; there is a Physician there!

Tell me, brother, you who are conscious this morning that you are an invalid, have you ever gone to Christ and asked Him to cure you? I have heard men pray all over the kingdom, and I have heard them ask for many things, but I have never yet heard a man in a prayer-meeting ask to be made good-tempered, and yet I am sure I have known some that were not very good-tempered. I have never yet heard a man ask God to make him generous, yet I am sure a great many are not generous. Go and get cured, brother, then you will be an honour to Christ. It is no honour to a doctor if his patients never get cured. The healed men are the recommendation. When men look on and say, "I knew him when he was such a son of Belial that you could not speak to him. Now look at his patience, look how he bears everything. There is a wonderful

change. There is something in religion." You go to another man who was grasping at everything he saw, and keeping everything he could get, and now he is like a fountain of blessing, doing good to everybody around him. People say, "Well, there is something in religion." The healed men are the great witnesses to the truth of Christianity. Go and get cured.

Then, having got right yourself, make it your business to get other people right. Set to work. I hear a great deal of talk about the unemployed, but I am far more troubled about the unemployed in the Church than I am about the unemployed in the world, and nine-tenths of the members of our Church are unemployed. If they were taken to heaven to-day, the Church would not miss them, except so far as counting the numbers is concerned. The choir would not miss them, the prayer-meeting band would not miss them, the Band of Hope would not miss them, the Missionary Society would not miss them, the Home Mission Organisation would not miss them—nobody would miss them. It is infamy to die and not be missed. Oh, I beseech you, brethren, set to work. The fields are ripe unto the harvest. In a thousand different tones the cry is coming to us, "Come over and help us." Is it not so in this great London? In Liverpool it meets me on every side—children perishing, wanting somebody to help them. There was a little fellow one of my missionaries met a few days ago, a little shoeblack, and his face was so bright that my missionary said, "Well, Jim, have you had a good shine to-day?" "Better than that," he said. "Well," said the missionary, "has somebody been giving you a shilling?" "Oh," said the shoeblack, "much better than that." So my friend said, "What is it?"—and the boy replied, "Mother is dead—there will be a chance for me now." Is that not a cry that somebody should go? Here are the children whose very mothers are a curse to them. Look all around—are not the fields white? Here is the drink traffic rearing its head, and professing to be well-



nigh under the patronage of royalty. Must not somebody deal with it, and who can deal with it but the Church? The only organisation that can wrestle with it, and throw it, and destroy it is the Christian Church. Set to work! Take your part; if you cannot do one thing, do another,—but set to work.

And then, lastly, give yourselves to prayer. Work as if you had to do it all, and then pray as if you could do nothing. They who work the hardest will pray the most earnestly. Prayer has done wonders; it can do more, and will do more in the glorious hereafter. Give yourselves to prayer. It is the praying Church that will win the world. The “Amens” will come before the “Hallelujahs,” and when the Amens go up like thunder, then the Hallelujahs will be heard like the sound of many waters. Give yourselves to prayer. Here we are equal. You, my children, on your knees are as strong as I am—I had almost said stronger, for when the family wants the father to do anything, don't they generally send the youngest child? Not because she is eloquent, but because she is the youngest. And you who are carried in His bosom, you can whisper to Him. Oh, give yourselves to prayer! Remember, dear friends, God has done everything He can do, and is waiting for you—God is waiting for you. Off the port of New York there was a range of rocks so deadly in their effects that the sailors christened it “Hell Gate,” and many a precious crew had perished on those rocks. At last it was determined that if science and wealth could do it, those rocks should be removed. There was a long deliberation, and all the skill of Europe and America was called in to ascertain the best way of proceeding. Then they went to work. The rocks were tunnelled, the most powerful blasting materials were treasured up there. Everything was done that man could do, the electric wires were brought in, and the full power of electricity brought to bear upon it. And at last the announcement was made that the work was finished. Now that morning, if a man had sailed by, he might have

said, "There are those deadly rocks, just as they have always been." But were they just as they had always been? Had there not been tunnelling, had there not been the preparation of the explosives, had there not been the preparation of the electric wires, and had not an immense amount of work been done? Everything was ready, vessels were signalled to keep out to sea, and when all was clear, the aristocracy of America met in the public hall where the electric wires terminated, and the Mayor of New York brought his little girl into the presence of them all and said, "Nellie, touch that button"—the button that made the electric circuit complete. "Touch that button," and the little trembling finger touched the button, and there was a moment's pause—and then a roar, and the rocks were gone for ever.

Brothers, everything is ready—touch the button! Christ has done His work, the Spirit is here—all things are now ready, and waiting for you. Mothers, fathers, husband, wives, children, God is waiting for you. Oh, touch the button! Say, "Now I will give myself unto prayer." Touch the button to-day. Let the cry go up to heaven, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity. Bring the blessings of the gospel, the omnipotent blessings of the gospel, to bear on this great city." When is the world going to be converted? When the Church wills it. We have everything ready; God is waiting for us! oh that the holy fire might fall! Oh that every one of us may realise this morning the latent power that is within our reach! Let the text be the model of our prayer, "O Lord, I beseech Thee"—I won't wait for a great gathering, but in my room, by my bedside, I will touch the button—"O Lord, I *beseech* Thee—it is tremendously important, I beseech Thee for my sake, for my children's sake, for my family's sake, for the world's sake, I beseech Thee, send *now*—life is flitting out and will soon be gone; I have no time to wait—send now prosperity," and God will say "Amen" to your prayer, and then there will be not merely a prosperous Church

here and there, but the whole Church will be prosperous, the whole Church will be lifted up. A tide of divine love will sweep all our selfishness away, and catching the mind of our Master, we shall go forth, never resting until every child of man shall be a child of God. "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity."

# The Musical Service.

(PERFORMED BY THE CHORISTERS OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME.)

ADDRESS BY THE REV. T. B. STEPHENSON, LL.D.

—o—

*"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."*—JOHN i. 6.



THESE words were written particularly of John the Baptist; but they may be applied to many of God's great men, and especially to Wesley, whose name is inseparably connected with this place of worship, and who was enabled by the grace of God to send forth from this centre streams of holy influence to the ends of the earth: his name also was John.

I want to call the attention of the young people briefly to some characteristics of this man's life. It is well that within not very far distant periods our minds should be turned to the noble history of the Church, and that they should be stimulated by the memory of the past no less than by the hope of the future.

We notice that this was a *man*. God generally does His great work by means of a man—not by a committee or a parliament. A committee is useful to guarantee and check; a parliament is necessary to protect the public

rights ; but God's chosen agents are men and women, possessed of a strong personality which God uses for the accomplishment of His purposes. For example, when Jerusalem long, long ago was in deadly peril, the people were told to seek through the streets and see if there was a "man" who had the fear of God before his eyes, who should save the city from perishing. And in another place we read of a little city against which a great king had come, which was saved by one poor "man" therein.

Not that one man can ever do without the many ; but he, more clearly than they, sees the need. He crystallises the thought and purpose which otherwise would have been vague in the mind of the multitude. He speaks the word, leads the march, represents the cause. In proof of this I would remind you, in the two great branches of the English-speaking race, of the names of Cromwell and Washington. If in the religious world is wanted a proof of this, you have it in the person of Luther on the one hand and of Loyola on the other ; and emphatically is this true of John Wesley

He was not a big man, though he was a great man. He stood about five feet one. Napoleon also was a little man ; but these two, with Washington, were the three most important men of the age. Think of John Wesley, how he developed a world-wide ecclesiastical system, and see his marvellous power to lead and influence others. There was in him the strange magnetism of greatness. He possessed one quality which made his other gifts valuable to the highest degree — his calm courage. England was a savage country when John Wesley went forth to preach. On one occasion he was in a house which was assailed by a mob howling for his blood. In the midst of their violence the door opened and the little gentleman — for he was always a gentleman — stood looking them in the face ; and the hands which held the weapons dropped. His courage cowed the mob. It was such courage that, if he had been a soldier, it would have won for him the Victoria Cross over and over again.

He was a man *sent*—a messenger, an apostle, an ambassador, who represented a higher Power, and was authorised to speak in the name of that Power. This is true of all God's servants in their degree, but true of Wesley in a special manner. He was sent *whither he did not know*. It is the men whom God takes into His hands and leads by ways that they know not who at the end of life are proved to have lived in such a fashion that the world can never afford to forget them. If he had followed his first bent he would almost certainly have become Archbishop of Canterbury—a very honourable office; but he was reserved for something higher and wider. He often went by a way that he *did not want to go*. He had to surrender his old prejudices one by one, and to give up his cherished ideas. One day he came back to London very angry, having heard that a layman had dared to preach; but his mother said, "Beware how you interfere with Thomas Maxfield, for God has as surely called him to preach as He has called you." Wesley had the sense and courage to surrender his prejudice, and lay preaching was revived in England with blessed results. He was sent where it *cost him a great deal to go*. He was a man of strong feelings, strong likes and dislikes. He dearly loved the Church of England, and it cost him perhaps the greatest sacrifice of his life to break away in any degree from the discipline of that Church, which was too narrow for the necessities of the moment. Perhaps the greatest thing he ever did in his life was to outrage ecclesiastical opinion by the consecration of Thomas Coke as the first Bishop of the American Continent. By that act he set to work forces the extent and power of which he never dreamed of. All this shows that in his work he was *sent*, guided by a Power higher than his own will, his own preference, even his own judgment.

He was sent *from God*. Then you may be sure he was sent for the people. God always loves the people, and always cares for them, and is always thinking not

of the few privileged persons—though He thinks of them too—but of the multitudes whose lives are often heavy and dull and grey, and who need a new brightness such as Heaven itself only can give. He sends the best for the people always. What did England need most in the last century? It needed more than anything else a great religious revival. Its moral fibre and intellectual force had abated. The renewal of moral force came through the great religious revival of the last century, of which Wesley was the most prominent representative. He was sent *from God* to be a great, world-wide blessing to the people.

The first result, the most obvious result, to-day is the creation of the largest Protestant Church in the world. Whilst we hold that there is no excellence in mere bigness, and wish to avoid in a festival of this kind any word of boastfulness, it is right that our young people should learn to hold up their heads; to know that they are "citizens of no mean city," and that as God used their fathers mightily, so God can use them.

But "organised Methodism," as Lecky has said, "is the least result of the revival which John Wesley led." The blessing came to all branches of the universal Church through the labours of John Wesley. Think of the great missionary enterprises of the present day. When John Wesley began his work there was only the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at work. Think of the popular literature and the noble philanthropy of our time, both of which he anticipated. Wesley was sent from God to do for the Church and the world a work incalculable, a work which amazed himself, and which amazes the world more and more as the years flow on.

God found the messenger; God equipped him; God commissioned him; God made him mighty; therefore to God be all the glory. For the Church is not John Wesley's Church, it is the Church of the Living God. To Him, Father, Son, and Spirit, one God, be blessing for evermore.

# Address to Mission Band Workers.

BY THE REV. PETER THOMPSON.

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I AM very rarely seen out of my own "parish" on Sunday. My fixed rule is to stay among my own people and do my own work. I have thus lived and worked in the East End for thirteen years; but when Mr. Westerdale asked me to take part in these proceedings, and especially this part of them, I felt drawn very strongly to be present. I am not concerned deeply, and never think with anxiety, about the decorous and chaste morning service to which Mr. Westerdale has referred. I find generally that there are ample supporters of all that class of thing in Methodism to-day; and I do not regret that Mr. Westerdale is among those who plead for these ancient things because of their beauty and sweetness.

I prefer being at the other end with the open-air band and with the aggressive work; and I would not mind if all the cultured and educated would come and give us the best of their intellect and heart in talking to Tom, Dick, and Harry at the street corner. I confess my passion for



the masses of the people, and I myself prefer to be among the thousand to being among the upper ten with all their music and refinement.

I want from among the poor to have those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. I want to lift those who are at the bottom right up to the top. But there is the other side of it. I want to get those who are at the top down to the bottom. It is an awful difficulty to get the educated and trained and wealthy to come and see us, much less to stay with us. It is far more honourable to be owned of God in winning souls from among the people, than to be sitting in the House of Commons all night, and be asleep half the time. It would be more practically in harmony with common sense, and the professed following of the Lord Jesus, that young men should count it their honour to be right in the midst of the masses of the people to lift them up.

The same is true of the women. I wish I could get a lot of them away from their drawing-rooms and carriages and musical evenings to assist in the work of the Church amongst the tens of thousands who are crying out in distress and misery for the help they can best give.

This at anyrate must stand out as the supreme characteristic of John Wesley—that he was an evangelist and went to the people with a message of God for their salvation. And I am anxious that we should perpetuate that aspect of his whole course. Now, a mission band, especially for London, should represent, in my judgment, all the effort and counsel, the plan and enterprise by which any organised body of Christians expresses its principles and ideals and intentions for the people around. I feel sometimes that our mission bands are often only a sort of outlet for what would be otherwise an uncurbed and difficult force. I hold that they ought to represent the concentrated intelligence and wealth and energy, the manhood and the womanhood of the Church in every variety of enterprise to deal with the populations immedi-

ately around the centre. And that means a good deal more than many people imagine. It means preaching; it means strong preaching; it means the best preaching that can be given; and I hold, and I try to do it, when I preach in the open air I preach my best. I hold that every man who undertakes to represent the Lord Jesus Christ in the open air ought to be a man equipped for his work, and capable, and that he ought to do his best before he goes as well as when he is on any other job. We ought to be as conscientious in preparing our message to go into the open air as we are when we are going into the pulpit.

I was asking my colleague Mr. Howard—who has done a great amount of successful open-air work—what I ought to say to you to-night. “Tell them,” he said, “they ought to get plenty of Scripture into their heads, and then tell them all to say their say in language understood of the people. Let their message be put in words and figures that they themselves can understand. It is the ‘hit’ rather than the ‘argument’ that tells in the open air.” If a mission band is going to do that, it will mean something more than a prayer-meeting in the morning and hours of preparation. You will have to become familiar with the people’s style of putting things. It is of no use our going to them with a strange language, coming down to us with all the traditions of preachers and theology and all the rest of it. They are not current phrases or current figures with the masses of the people. We must talk in their own language.

Success brings purest joy. A young lady, eighteen years of age, came to work with us. Her mother thought she was too young; I did not. I like young people; they more readily do what I want them to do. Older people get their own opinions. She came to the work and stayed a year; and when she had completed the twelve months’ work she came to see me. I had not realised that the time had gone so quickly. “I have just been twelve months to-day in the Mission,” she

said. I expressed my surprise. "Well," she said, "I want to tell you that I have had much more joy in this one year than in all my life before. I never thought God could make me so happy as I have been with Him in this work." A few months after I met her in Cable Street about noon. She was manifestly excited, and I asked her what was the cause of it. She said, "My first soul has just gone home to God. Soon after I came to the East End I visited a very rough man. I had been told that he would be rude to me if I called, and might strike me. He seemed impressed by my kindness, and though he made some threats, I told him I should call again. Before very long I got him to attend the old Mahogany Bar, and when he was a penitent I knelt by his side and directed him to Jesus. For over a year he has lived most consistently, and he always said it was through me that he got converted. He has been ill for some weeks, during which he has given wonderful evidence of the power of Christ to fill with joy. Lately he has been very happy. Early this morning he died, and I have just been talking with the poor people in the house who saw him die. They said, 'Oh, miss, you should have been here. It was just wonderful. He was singing and talking about Jesus and heaven all the time. It was just like heaven, miss!' I am excited. I never felt like this before. I keep saying to myself, 'There's somebody now in heaven through me!'" How glorious!

# Methodism a City of Many People.

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. KELLY

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*"For I have much people in this city."*—Acts xviii. 10.



ST. PAUL was at Corinth, the beautiful, licentious, wicked city. God spoke to him these words in a vision when he was discouraged. The city just then was at its worst, but at a great crisis God always raises up men to be His witnesses. It was so in David's case, in Paul's, in Martin Luther's, and it was so in the case of John Wesley. God has never, never deserted His Church, and never failed to find true men to meet the needs of the times.

God rules over a great empire that has very many cities. He exercises His Kingship all through the universe, over worlds upon worlds.

"I have much people in this city." In His Church Christ has a vast kingdom, but in that kingdom He has many cities. We must not dogmatise, but we may venture to hope that, so far as the other great religions of the world are concerned, He has much people where many

of His servants would least expect to find them. All the great religions of the world hold certain fundamental ideas in common with Christianity, and the day will come when Christianity—the life and power of Jesus Christ and His Holy Spirit—will vitalise these faiths, will discover and purify their gold, banish all their evils; and when contact with Christ will profoundly affect and modify and ultimately reconstruct these religions. Meanwhile, the Master may say of these other faiths to the preachers of His own pure truth, “Do not despair about them; do not neglect them; go with the great evangel to them, for of them it is true that “I have much people in this city.”

But apart from them, in the great Catholic Church—and the Catholic Church is not Roman, is not Anglican! it is greater than a sect; it is universal—in the great Catholic Church of Christ, the kingdom of our Lord, there are many cities, and in each of them there is much people. If we were an apologist for the Church of England, or the Congregationalists, or the Presbyterians, or the Baptists, we should have no difficulty in proving the truth of this word. In the one great Church there are many churches; in the one great kingdom many cities; in the one great sacramental host of the Lord there are many regiments, many corps: in the one great family of God there are many households, and in all these He has much people. But we wish to speak especially of one city—no mean one—in which we are citizens. Our thoughts cluster to-day around a man, a place, and a great work. We speak of Methodism as a city of God with profound thankfulness that God makes us citizens therein.

This Church is not separate from the Church Catholic. Methodism is not something new. It did not start in Lincoln College, Oxford, with the Holy Club. Wesley was not the founder of Methodism. It did not begin in the eighteenth century. Christ is its Founder, and it dates not from the eighteenth century, nor from Oxford,

but from Pentecost ; and we are heirs of Pentecost and Pentecostal blessings. See how this Church has grown since Wesley's death. He left thousands of followers ; to-day you count them by many millions. When he died there was a handful of Sunday scholars. To-day there are six millions and more in the schools of Methodism alone. By what means have the few become the many ? This great result has come about through the preaching of the pure Gospel, attractive services and hearty fellowship, and because the conversion of souls was the principal object of our preachers. Dr. Chalmers said that Methodism was "Christianity in earnest" ; let us hope he was right. But above all, Methodism has been blest with this—a simple faith, earnest piety, the help of God's Holy Spirit, and the blessing of that Spirit on the work of her servants.

"I have much people in this city." Amongst them Methodism has been blessed by the gift of mighty thinkers and saintly workers. She had in Charles Wesley one of the most gifted hymn-writers the world has ever known. She had the seraphic Fletcher ; Whitefield, the powerful orator ; and a host of others. To come to a later date, she had a great theologian in Richard Watson, a great statesman in Dr. Bunting, and a great commentator in Dr. Adam Clarke. But the greatest blessing in Methodism was often given to men of rude speech and little culture, but full of faith and the Holy Ghost. These men, going over the length and breadth of the country, secured triumphs for Christ and success to their ministry that no mere polished orator or accomplished scholar has secured. But as the mountains tower above the valleys, so John Wesley towers above the rest—the great prince in our Israel, the mightiest man in our city. The crowds hung upon his words breathless ; but if John Wesley had been only a preacher, he would not have been the great figure in our history that he is. Charles Wesley was a more popular preacher than his brother. Each had a person-

ality ; but besides being a great personality, John Wesley was an immensely successful organiser. He was not surpassed thus by Ignatius Loyola ; he was not equalled by Napoleon or Wellington, and because of his organising power we are to-day what we are. The first Christian hermit gathered on the Upper Nile his converts to the number of a thousand. But after his personality had been taken away, his followers disappeared. He left no organisation. In our own case we have to rejoice not only in a preacher but a man who organised a great system. They say he was autocratic. He was. An autocrat was needed—that is why God made him one. As an autocrat he did his duty and died. Since then men have tried to be autocrats amongst us and failed. Thank God for that ! There is no autocrat necessary. One reason for their failure was that they were not John Wesleys. The world can do with one John Wesley, but people that only imitate must stand aside. The world does not need them now. What he did was this. He founded hundreds of societies, and then died and left a marvellously complex but easily to be worked system, and with the exception of the Church of Rome there is not another Church that has so marvellously complex an organisation, and one that can be so easily worked.

Our present position has been achieved first by preaching doctrines in accordance with the Word of God ; next by the consecration of our preachers to the great aim of saving souls ; by cultivating the fellowship of Christians ; and by the employment of many workers among the laity and women. The Reformation of Luther opened the mouths of the clergy ; but the Methodist revival opened also the mouths of the laity and the women. And another remarkable fact in connection with our growth has been the consecration of the money of our people. John Wesley was a far-seeing man. He did not ask the rich men for their thousands to support the Church, but he made it depend on the pence of the poor ; and the principle of the penny a week and the

shilling a quarter has been a great success from that day to this. Methodists have been accustomed "to make the collection," and if the collection were not made they would scarcely think they had been to the service. So, in addition to personal piety, personal liberality has been enjoined upon the people. God wants the consecration of wealth as well as the consecration of souls and bodies.

The success of this city of ours has been largely due to the revival power that has distinguished our Church. It is essential still. We do not claim a monopoly of it; but the Church that cultivates it will thrive, and nothing can compensate for the loss or absence of the revival power. We are facing the twentieth century, and Methodism can face it, not only without fear, but with perfect confidence, if she keeps true revival fire ablaze on her altars. She will have many other characteristics, but this must be her chief one. She can raise her million guineas from her million British adherents if she wishes. Good, very good—may the effort be successful! But she can just as easily—more easily, by the blessing of God—get her million of souls converted as well. Let the shout of our city of much people be, "A million guineas!" Very important; but let the louder cry be the great refrain, "A million souls for Christ at the start of this twentieth century!" Methodism, our beautiful city, must be distinguished for spiritual life. She may rejoice in increased learning, in scholarship, in multiplied adherents, in the number and beauty of her chapels and schools, in the advancement of her sons at home and abroad. She has had her share of success in this regard for the last hundred years, but none nor all of this can compensate our city if she does not retain the presence and power of the Spirit of God in the conversion of sinners.

"I have much people in this city." You have here a lesson on bigotry for both Protestant and Romanist. Paul made the common mistake, the mistake of supposing places and people to be worse than they are; the mistake of supposing that all good dwells with us; that



God has no servants but those whom we have counted. Elijah made the same mistake ages before. He speaks of all the people as gone over to heathendom. God says, "Do not make that mistake. Do not be bigoted, or think that those with you are the only servants I have." "There are thousands that have not bowed the knee to Baal." It is a lesson for to-day. It is pitiful that in these times Christians can be found who deny the Christian name to Christ's followers because they follow not with them. From the first Methodists have been taught to cultivate the catholic spirit, to be "the friends of all and the enemies of none." Notwithstanding the treatment John Wesley received, he never formally left the Episcopal Church of England. He did not, however, hand over his property to her as he might have done by his Deed of Declaration if he had had confidence in her. The lesson is this: "Do not be bigots. The other Churches are not one whit better than you are, but I have people in them as good as the best of you." Let us not be troubled, then, by what men say of us when they try to unchurch us. The Pope recently declared that the orders of the Anglican Church are not valid. The Church of England need not trouble about that. It means among other things that there is to be no union between the two, which is a mercy from a Protestant point of view. The practical lesson we should learn is as to the cultivation of a broad Christian spirit to all others who love the Lord Jesus Christ in truth.

"I have much people in this city." The missionary work of Methodism is not done yet. There are hundreds of millions of unconverted. These seem to be almost hopeless, but God says, Go to these people. Fear not; "I have much people" among them. Let us go then to that which is worse than Corinth. We shall find that amongst the most depraved God has a witness for Himself; that among them there is often material that can be built into the spiritual temple; that there are numbers of recruits for the Lord's army; that there are myriads who

will migrate from that evil house, and become citizens of the new Jerusalem. Oh, let us be true to our missionary work!

“ Oh for a trumpet voice  
On all the world to call !  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all ;  
For all my Lord was crucified,  
For all, for all my Saviour died ! ”

Methodism may say, “ I have much people in this city ” with reference to other Churches. Her sons and daughters have not all stayed at home. From many motives they have gone elsewhere. Thousands of others who are not now of us were converted amongst us. But of the Anglican, Congregational, and Baptist Churches especially can Methodism say, “ I have much people there. ” And of her old citizens who have gone we would say, “ Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto them. ” Methodism ought not to be exactly complaining of this departure. We owe much to others: spiritual impulse to the Moravians; a noble liturgy and foremost leaders to the Church of England; and defensive zeal to the earlier Free Churches. Thousands have come to us from other folds. It is no duty of ours, then, to complain of contributing to other Churches. We know Methodism is much wider and broader and greater than Wesleyan Methodism. The union between the various branches of it will probably not be organic in our day. But let us not tell the tales of past warfare. Let us not show the scars again; let us remember we are citizens of the same city; let us cultivate fraternity of spirit, and let us have the spirit of unity. Let us remember that whatever we are, we are all Methodists, one in doctrine, one in name; that is much; and kindness of spirit is very nearly akin to organic unity.

Let me appeal to those who stand aloof from Church membership, who are the sons and daughters of citizens in this city. Give yourselves in dedication to God at this

dedication service. Say of your fathers' and your mothers' people, "This people shall be my people, their God my God." Let this service be a service of distinct consecration. Our fathers celebrated the centenary of Methodism in 1839; we celebrated the centenary of Wesley's death in 1891, and now we celebrate the setting aside of his house for specific Christian work, free from debt for the first time in its history, a gift to God untrammelled. What a blessing! May we not with confidence cry, "Now, O God, as this we give to Thee, give Thou to us, and to all who shall come beneath this roof, continued proof of Thy goodness and the baptism of the Holy Spirit!" Standing to-night in Wesley's pulpit, on the very spot where he so often preached, and within a few yards of his grave, I ask what is the great need of Methodism now and for the twentieth century; and a hundred and seven years after that great man's death, I reply, The great need of Methodism to-day is more Methodism—John Wesley Methodism—that is what we need, and that includes very, very, very much. If we can take back the old fire, or retain it; if we can secure the same powerful, blessed Spirit; if we can keep the same pure motives, and work with the same zeal, then we have nothing to fear, and God will always be able to say, "I have much people in this city."

Shortly before his death, Wesley wrote some very weighty words: "I am not afraid that the people called Methodists should ever cease to exist either in Europe or America, but I am afraid lest they should only exist as a dead sect, having the form of religion without the power, and this undoubtedly will be the case unless they hold fast the doctrines, spirit, and discipline with which they first set out."

May God help us to hold fast to these! Then let us

" Pray for Jerusalem,  
The city of our God;  
The Lord from heaven be kind to them  
That love the dear abode!"

# The Endowment and Settlement Deed Explained.

BY THE REV. T. E. WESTERDALE.



MR. CHAIRMAN, Dean Farrar, Mr. President, and Representatives of other Churches,—The statement I have to make to-night will be brief, as the full report must be reserved for the Dedication Day. The Trustees, however, desire me to indicate, as it may be interesting to the distinguished representatives of other Churches who have accepted their invitation to address this meeting, the general objects we are seeking to accomplish by this movement. This endowment and dedication of Wesley's House is not a continuation or completion of the great Centenary celebration of seven years ago. At that time Wesley's House was occupied by one of the resident ministers attached to this circuit, and no one thought of setting aside or endowing Wesley's House then, because it was both impracticable and impossible. Suddenly, however, and all unexpectedly, last June, without consulting or obtaining the permission of the Trustees, the Circuit Quarterly Meeting decided upon removing the second minister of the circuit to a more conveniently situated

house amongst his own people. This decision left Wesley's House both free and empty, and for the first time in its history it ceased to be a ministerial residence. This vision of Wesley's empty house provided the Trustees with just the opportunity they needed. It was seen at once to be a great and real providence. I shall never forget the sensations that crept over me when I saw two great furniture vans at the doors yonder in City Road clearing off the circuit furniture. I felt pained and humbled just for a moment that a Quarterly Meeting, and especially our own Quarterly Meeting, had turned its back upon that famous house; but those feelings soon passed in brighter thoughts which have now developed into permanent and substantial form, and the decisions we have reached, I am glad to say, can never be disturbed or cancelled, except by the unanimous consent of the Conference previously given. We have to report to-night, therefore, that from next Wednesday, March 2, the anniversary of our founder's death, *Wesley's House* will cease for ever to be used as a ministerial residence, and is to be set aside in perpetuity mainly for the two following purposes:—I. As a Wesley Museum or centre to which Wesley curios, in the form of original furniture, books, manuscripts, paintings, pictures, sketches, etc., can be sent as gifts or bequests, the Trustees on their part guaranteeing (1) their safe and good preservation, and (2) their non-alienation; that is, that they shall not be given or assigned or sold to other parties, here, or in America, or anywhere else. The Americans are very fond of admiring our Wesley relics, and they would gladly make a show-house of them over yonder. But the Trustees mean to part with no more of these relics. England was the birthplace and home of the Wesleys, and, now Wesley's House has come absolutely into their possession, in the future no money will be able to buy the few precious treasures of Wesley's own domestic furniture and other relics that still remain. The three rooms on the first floor are never again to be used for domestic purposes. They are to be set

aside on Wednesday next. First, the front large room is to be used as a Wesley Museum, etc., etc.; second, the central room, in which his great sermons and immortal and ever-refreshing Journals were written, is to be converted into a Wesley Library for the reception and preservation of (1) original letters, (2) original manuscripts, (3) original copy for printers, (4) first editions of his works, collateral literature, and other contemporary writings. Third, the little prayer-room leading out of that central room, and facing this chapel, is to be kept intact, in memory of those early morning scenes, when the great man wrestled with God, between the hours of four and five o'clock every morning, when he was in residence, for the power which made him, without doubt, the greatest spiritual force of the last century, and one of the greatest men the world has ever seen. II. The second object the Trustees have in view is for the present to use the basement and the two uppermost floors of the house and the ground-floor rooms as a residence for Sisters, or other selected Christian workers, whose whole time will be devoted to the help and comfort of the poor in the neighbourhood, and aggressive work in connection with this sacred place. This is a pious and blessed work in which we are engaged, and the Trustees are more than grateful for the remarkable, spontaneous, and sympathetic support with which their action has been endorsed from all parts of the country. They will ever cherish the beautiful and catholic letter in which the Very Reverend the Dean of Canterbury accepted their invitation to address this gathering to-night, and the distinguished Chairman of this meeting, himself once a resident of Wesley's House, is invited to give Dean Farrar and the representatives of other Churches on this platform a most grateful welcome on behalf of the Trustees of this place. The Revs. Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, Professor Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, and Dr. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, have sent letters warmly approving of this dedication, and they would have been

here to-night but for engagements previously made. I need hardly state in closing that the task to which the Trustees have committed themselves involves an outlay of nearly £10,000. Happily, the response has been so widespread, prompt, and generous that we hope by Wednesday night to be in a position to report that the entire sum required has been subscribed by a grateful and reverent people. But I must not anticipate the announcement which it will then be my privilege to make. By your kind permission I will complete what I have to say now by reading the "standing orders" by which Wesley's House will henceforth be governed:—

#### SUMMARY OF POINTS SECURED BY THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

1. That the £5000 shall be "tied" on Wesley's House and the Work of God at Wesley's Chapel for all time.
2. That the distinction is to be clearly drawn between the Chapel and the Work of God carried on in connection with the Chapel.
3. That no part of the capital forming the Endowment Fund shall ever be used, assigned, or transferred for any purpose whatsoever, *except by the express consent of Conference.*
4. That the "INTEREST INCOME" only shall be available for use.
5. That Wesley's House shall never be let as a tenancy for deriving RENT income.
6. That Wesley's House shall always be kept in a state of good repair and preservation.
7. That in keeping Wesley's House in a good state of preservation, the Trustees shall, on their part, bind themselves to make no structural alterations, but shall keep the House, as far as possible, in all its rooms, just as Wesley left it.
8. That the House shall be regarded, from the time of its ENDOWMENT, as a Connexional centre, to which Wesley furniture, old Wesleyan prints and pictures, and other Wesley relics, curios, and literature, etc., may be sent as GIFTS or BEQUESTS to the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel, who, on their part, shall provide for their safe custody and preservation.
9. That the first floor suite of rooms, known as Wesley's Rooms, shall never be used for domestic purposes.
10. That the other rooms of the House shall be utilised as a residence for Christian workers, in the development of the spiritual and aggressive work connected with Wesley's Chapel.
11. That any surplus of interest in any year arising from the Endowment Fund, not needed for the above objects, shall be used as the Trustees shall determine, in connection with Wesley's Chapel.

12. That the Superintendent of Wesley's Chapel for the time being shall be the head of "Wesley's House," and shall be responsible to the Trustees and the Conference for the persons resident therein, and for the direction of their work.
13. That the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel—which is a Connexional as well as a locally constituted Trust Body—shall be the Trustees of the Endowment Fund, and shall be held responsible to the Conference for a faithful discharge of the Trusts herein involved.
14. That if in any future time "Wesley's House" develops in all its available accommodation into a "METHODIST MUSEUM," then a charge for admission shall be made, and the Interest Income of this Endowment shall then be entirely devoted to the development of the Work of God at Wesley's Chapel.

*N.B.* — All communications respecting relics for the MUSEUM AND LIBRARY are to be addressed and sent direct to the SUPERINTENDENT OF WESLEY'S CHAPEL, 49 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.



# A Son of the Manse.

BY MR. R. W. PERKS, M.P.

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MY DEAR FRIENDS,—My first duty in the few remarks that I have to make to-night is, on behalf of this great congregation, to offer our most cordial thanks to Dean Farrar, Dr. Monro Gibson, Dr. Clifford, and the clergy of other Churches on this platform for their kindness in joining us in this celebration. I think that there is a passage in Wesley's Journal which says that if anyone in future ages could raise any money by selling his bones for the extension of the work of God, he was perfectly at liberty to do so, and for those of us who are slaves to precedent, and do not like to take any important step in life without being able to give a reason why, seeking in the declarations of our forefathers some justification for doing so, that is our justification to-night. For the first time in Methodist history we are going to set up a Connexional Museum, and I have very little doubt that within the next few weeks the Trustees of this new House or Museum will be inundated with offers to furnish that House twenty times over with absolutely genuine Wesley furniture. It is with some feeling of

regret that I note that the old Methodist preachers, who have gained, and whose children have gained, their inspiration and the love of their Church in that plain little house, are now and for ever expelled. It was my lot to sleep, when I came back as a boy from Kingswood School, in the little room which you, Mr. Westerdale, called the praying chamber, and I well remember when I was a lad how I used to be told in that front room, by my Scotch mother, the story of Wesley's heroic life; and now, alas! this will have to be told by a paid curator, who, as the Dean of Canterbury, I am sure, often had to regret when he was connected with that great shrine, Westminster Abbey, will, I fear, rattle off his story at an incredible speed. My friends, the England of to-day, let us never forget, is not the England that Wesley saw when he laid the foundation of what was called the New Chapel in the City Road in 1777. There was then only one house between this building and the Angel Inn at Islington. Between here and the City the flocks of the farmers were pastured on the green fields. The unpaved roads were badly lighted with here and there an oil lamp. Little children were hanged at Tyburn for offences for which now they would not be even sent to a reformatory. Only one person in three could read or write. There was little religious liberty; there was still less civil liberty. Public opinion, that mighty force which to-day controls society, did not exist for even your legislators were the nominees of owners of pocket boroughs.

Only a few years before this chapel was founded one of the most illustrious lawyers who ever sat upon the English bench — I mean Lord Mansfield — had, in a celebrated judgment delivered in the House of Lords, to declare that Dissenters had some rights in this great City of London. It was then the fashion to fine Dissenters if they would not accept office in connection with the Corporation of London, and one after another religious Dissenter was put up for the office of Sheriff in the City of London, because

it was known that that man would not conform to the Church of England, and he would be consequently fined; and £15,000 was raised for the erection of the Mansion House, which many of us pass every day in the week, the money being thus wrung out of the pockets of those Dissenters, our forefathers. Then there came one of these heroic men who have helped to make the Empire, a man whose name is on the lips of us all, and is in the memory of us all to-night, one who will ever stand forth in the roll of English history by the side of Latimer and Wycliffe and Luther the great reformer, and Cromwell. I refer to Wesley. Let us hope that this bright succession will still run on, and that there are men in this England of ours to-day who will come forth at the call of their country to combat those great social evils which still disfigure and deform our land. These men did not come with craven hearts or with a story which they could not tell.

“The priests of the new Evangel came  
Shouting for joy, as if they viewed  
The vision of heaven’s beatitude.”

And that was always the jubilant tone in which Wesley spoke. He did not speak with the language of a man unconvinced or halting in his own mind. His preachers round him told the same story—

“The old, old story,  
Of Jesus and His love,”

that story which will never grow old, a story which to-day, as in the early days of the Christian faith, brings multitudes of people to hear it. And some said of Wesley as they said of the Apostle Paul—that he was beside himself—

“Now as an angel of blessing classed,  
And now as a mad enthusiast.”

But what did he care? When they turned him out of the churches of the Establishment, as I have heard the Dean on my right say with regret, he took to the streets. When

they would not allow him to address the select audiences of Oxford, he addressed the masses of the people. We were then a persecuted and despised sect, and possibly the secret of the less rapid growth of Methodism in modern times is that we have suffered too little persecution, and have not had to face the trials and the fires of our forefathers. When Wesley was persecuted by the arm of the law, he fell back upon the strong arm of the Lord. Wesley and his preachers worked as in the sight of the Almighty, as Cromwell's soldiers fought, and when they went forth to battle with ignorance and error and infidelity and wrong, they knew that they were working under the eye of God which was ever on them. They saw with that eye of faith, which no persecution could darken, the leagued forces of the Lord clearing the way for the victory of the Lord's people.

# An Apostle of the Church Catholic.

BY THE REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

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MR. CHAIRMAN and Friends,—I certainly consider it a great privilege to take part in this celebration. I tried hard, as my friend Mr. Westerdale knows, to get rid of an engagement for to-night, so that I might spend the whole evening here, but in this I have failed. I have to acknowledge the very kind courtesy of Dean Farrar in allowing me to take the place which was assigned to him, so that I might have an opportunity of saying a few words before I am obliged to run away. As a Presbyterian I greatly rejoice in the opportunity afforded me by this occasion of expressing our high veneration for the sacred memory of John Wesley; first, as a leader of that great movement which has resulted in the world-wide Methodist Church of to-day,—the most signal development, in my opinion, of spiritual life and power in the whole history of the Church; and also we venerate his memory as one of the great apostles of the Church Catholic to which we all belong. We do not intend to allow you to claim

exclusive property in John Wesley. With Paul and Apollos and Cephas John Wesley belongs to all of us, and Charles Wesley too.

Then I rejoice further in the opportunity of expressing the satisfaction with which we Presbyterians welcome the drawing together of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. The old controversy which kept us so far apart is practically dead and buried. We have shaken hands over its grave, and I trust we are now prepared to form in line side by side and advance together against the common foe. It is not that either side has surrendered to the other. It is that we have come to understand each other. We have found, as so often happens in such controversies, that for the most part we have been right in what we affirmed and wrong in what we denied, or seemed to our opponents to deny. It was not a trivial controversy: it had to do with foundation truths. We laid stress on the obverse and you on the reverse of the great seal of God—you remember the passage, "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." There is the obverse which we made so much of; but as I look back on that old controversy, I thank God with all my heart that there were those who came forward and gave the needed emphasis to the reverse: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." We fully admit the one-sidedness of some of our champions. Perhaps you too may admit the one-sidedness of some of your champions. We were prone to exaggerate the Divine sovereignty and to minimise human freedom; and this stirred up some of your people undoubtedly to use exceedingly vigorous language on the other side. But now we no longer stand apart. You remember the old story of the shield. I need not tell it again. We do not stand each on our own side of the shield any longer. Both of us look at both sides of it. We stand with you in the fullest and most unreserved proclamation of the gospel

to all men without exception and without distinction, and in acknowledging ~~the~~ responsibility of its acceptance or rejection, as with man, not with God. On the other hand, you stand with us in as full and unreserved an acceptance of the grace of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ as the fountain-head of all spiritual and heavenly blessing.

I do not suppose we are altogether at one on the metaphysics of this question, nor do I think it necessary that we should. Probably the less we have to do with metaphysics in our preaching of the gospel the better. We do not want to be like the Scotch minister with a great reputation for learning, one of whose people, complimented on the extraordinary learning and ability of his minister, replied, "Oh yes; he is a great student. He is invisible for six days in the week and incomprehensible on the seventh." Let me, however, do the good man the justice to say that one of his parishioners, a good old lady, was distinctly edified under his ministrations. Some of the people were quite interested to find that somebody had been edified, and so they interviewed the old lady, and they found that when he preached about the metaphysics of the gospel she took it as "meat-and-physic"—and she said, "Oh, it does my soul good, because the gospel has been both meat and physic to me." Well, now, probably we do not agree, even yet, as to the high metaphysics of the gospel, but we do agree as to the meat and the physic of it. We got some capital meat and physic from Darlow Sarjeant a little while ago, when he came and gave us a whole week of preaching at my church. I did not hear that any mischief had been done, though I did hear a great deal about good being done. And, you know, I have had the audacity to go and give them a week's preaching, which was worse—and I have not yet been taken to account for sowing tares among Darlow Sarjeant's wheat.

Well, now, we certainly are at one in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. In all that is important we are at one. Why, then, do we not unite? Well, why do we

not? I have no objection, and if it were not that there is something larger and better before us in the future, I would say, Let us do it now, because we are not only able to use the words of the familiar hymn,

“One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity,”

but we are actually one in the great principles of Church polity. We are one practically in the matters which specially divide the Churches at the present day. The union of Methodists and Presbyterians—a mighty thing it would be, for I believe that, taking the world round, we have the two largest Churches of the Reformed faith; but the union of Presbyterians and Methodists is not large enough for us in these days. If it were necessary that there should be one administration in order to the union of the Churches, why then I would say, Let us unite as quickly as we can. Let us celebrate the beginning of the next century by a great union of Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, if that is the case; and then we would invite our Episcopal friends, on the one hand, and our Congregational friends on the other, to join those who occupy the middle position between them. If the Church must have only one administration, that is the way to get it.

But, you see, we have larger views now. Why should we say that Churches should have only one administration when the apostle says, “There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord?” If the Apostle Paul was content that there should be differences of administration in his time, when the believers were counted by thousands, and when they had spread only over a portion of one Empire, and over a tract of country where but one language was spoken, why should we insist upon one administration when they are now counted by millions all over the world? One of the last utterances of John Wesley—I think it was in his last letter written from America—was a declaration of the unity of Methodism wherever it had



spread in all the world at that time ; and yet there was not the one administration then, for the Church in America was a separate organisation, and was under an Episcopal régime. And, further, have you not specimens of all régimes? There are Methodists in England organised on Congregational lines. That vast Church in America which is doing such splendid work in the New World is an Episcopal Church. And the main body here, and I think elsewhere, except in America, are good Presbyterians in the matter of Church government. Well, if Episcopacy and Presbyterianism and Congregationalism are all sheltered under the ample fold of the Methodist Church, what in the world is there to hinder all evangelical Christians of whatever name, without surrendering their differences of administration, but all trusting in the same Lord, and doing the same work, and advancing to the same victory, joining together, not in one administration, but under several, as we are doing in England now?

Though I am speaking specially as a Presbyterian to-night, perhaps I may claim the privilege, as I am just about to surrender the office of President of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, of saying that we are so uniting together all over England. All we want is to get into touch with each other, that we may advance under the banner of the same Lord, and be controlled by the same Spirit, and do the same work.

The eighteenth century was a great rallying time of the almost beaten forces of Christianity. A great era of revival it was, with many apostles and prophets in whose memory we are glad ; and the chiefest of them all was John Wesley. The nineteenth century has witnessed the approximation of the scattered forces, a growing knowledge of each other, and with the growing knowledge a growing love. It has witnessed the dawn of the great discovery of the many-sidedness and comprehensiveness of the truth of God, and the duty to which we all are called to learn what others have to teach us. And now that, towards

the end of the century, we are drawing together, and the Evangelical forces are becoming massed into a great army, what may we not hope for? May we not hope that, as the eighteenth century was the era of revival, and the nineteenth century has been the era of reunion, so the twentieth century may be the era of victory, when the seventh angel shall sound, and there shall be great voices in heaven, saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ ; and He shall reign for ever and ever."

# One Flock—Many Folds.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN  
OF CANTERBURY

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MR. CHAIRMAN, Mr. President of the Conference, my Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I must begin by confessing that it has cost me a very considerable effort to be here this evening, because I come in the midst of engagements which have been far too numerous and far too burdensome. But I am still very proud that you have done me the honour to ask me to be present on so interesting an occasion as this. I have a perfect

horror of making speeches. So far from being fond of hearing my own voice, I would at any time walk a very considerable distance to avoid the necessity of doing so. And now that I am here, I do not for a moment pretend that I can say anything whatever either so well in manner or so profound in matter as you have already heard from Dr. Monro Gibson, and as you will hear from other friends before the evening is over. But still, I say again, the mere fact that the leaders of the Wesleyan body did me the great honour of believing that I viewed this gathering with entire brotherly sympathy, and that they gave me the opportunity of being present on an occasion

so deeply interesting as this—when you are about to add to the historical memorials of this great capital of the world—is a circumstance which makes up for all the other difficulty I feel in coming.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I do not know—and if you will allow me to say so with perfectly respectful frankness—I do not much care, what the ecclesiastical critics will think of my speaking for the second time in Wesley's Chapel. I can only say when I look round upon those I have known in your Connexion, "*Tales cum sitis utinam nostri essetis.*" I daresay you will agree with me that there were undoubtedly faults and errors on both sides in connection with the great secession ; but I am also perfectly certain that you will agree that, whatever minor faults and errors there may have been, God has overruled the results for good ; and there is no reason whatever why we should hold aloof from mutual sympathy and expressions of brotherly love. I have always been accustomed to join in the prayer frequently used in our Church, that God would teach us to lay seriously to heart the great danger we are in from our unhappy divisions. But it has never occurred to me for a moment to interpret those "unhappy divisions" as meaning mere differences about the details of ecclesiastical organisation. We want not uniformity but unity. We want spiritual rule, and not an inflexible régime. We want a holy freedom, and not the hard, effeminating tyranny of religious dictation. Every one of us stands in immediate relation with God and every one of us is responsible to Him, and to Him alone, for those opinions which, with all humility and in all prayer, we form and must form for ourselves. Charles the Fifth of Germany, when he retired to the Monastery of San Yuste, and found that with all his endeavours he could not possibly make two clocks keep exactly the same hour, learned, for the first time, how futile had been his frantic and mistaken efforts to enforce an exact unity of opinion on all his numerous subjects in their various opinions, and how much better it would have been to

leave a larger and wider liberty. But it is essential as regards the smaller matters—it is essential in regard to those opinions which can in no respect be considered as vital to salvation—that we should respect each other's opinions and hold out to each other the right hand of fellowship. And that is what I trust I shall always endeavour to do, whatever it may cost. For there has never been any time during these two millenniums of Christianity in which there has been an absolute unanimity of opinion; and certainly, as the world now is, any such uniformity—accepted at the dictation of a Pope or any body of priests—would not show by any means a desirable state of things. It would only show that we were

“Sluggishly somnolent, torpidly lying,  
Lapped in the calm of a Dead Sea lull.”

There *must* be freedom of thought, there must be independence of conviction; and it is quite inevitable, as things now are. As Dr. Monro Gibson has been saying to us, we must sometimes look one of us chiefly at one side, and the other at the other, of the shield, while we all recognise that both sides of the shield exist. This opinion, although it is by no means popular in this day, and, above all, I fear, not popular among very great numbers of the members of the Church to which I belong, has been expressed over and over again by many of the greatest and best thinkers of Christianity. And those opinions have not infrequently been collected together. I, for one, agree with all my heart with the great Church historian, Eusebius, that differences of opinion on minor matters only accentuate unity in the great essentials of the faith. I believe with St. Augustine in his better days—before he was warped into the detestable theory of religious persecution—I believe with him that if a man be a true and good Christian it does not matter how he got the truth; and I find that the same view is expressed not only by many of the Fathers, but by many saints in all the best ages of Christianity. Passing over the earlier

days, and coming down principally to modern times, I entirely agree with Chillingworth that it is the deifying of our own opinions which leads us to intolerance in matters of minor importance. I agree again with Dr. Isaac Watts, who said distinctly that he thought there was nothing at all to regret in the working side by side of a national Church with many other religious bodies, which, although they might differ about minor points, were still at one on great vital and essential matters. We are not troubled by such differences as sometimes arise from wire-drawn interpretations of single texts of Scripture. The great point, he said, was that we should all work together in the common essentials of the faith, and work together in a community of love. And, lastly, to quote only one more authority, I would say with Jeremy Taylor that as long as men are not factious, and are not working against the great essentials of religion, they ought to have a perfect tolerance for each other. He illustrated it, as you know, in a very remarkable way. He said that, if you saw a fly crawling over a man's forehead, you might have a great dislike for flies, and you might very much wish that the man had not got the fly on his forehead, but the worst possible way of dealing with him under those circumstances would be to take a hatchet and dash out his brains. That has been, unfortunately, much too often the way in which Churches have acted. But I do not know anybody who has better expressed the truth on this subject than John Wesley himself. In a passage, probably much better known to many of those here present than even to myself, though I have always greatly admired it, he said, "I am utterly sick of disputing, and my whole soul cries out 'Peace, peace' with those who are the true children of God." In that celebrated letter, which he addressed, I believe, quite towards the close of his life—to the Bishop of Lincoln—he wrote to this effect: "Alas, my lord, is this the time to persecute any man for conscience' sake? I beseech you, my lord, do as you would be done to. If I linger in the path I have

been accustomed to tread, take me by the hand and lead me kindly forward, and be not discouraged if I ask you not to beat me down in order to quicken my pace. May I request you further not to give me hard names in order to bring me into the right way? For God's sake, if it be possible, let us not provoke one another to wrath. Let us not kindle one against the other in each other's heart the fire of hell. Even if by that dreadful light we did succeed in reading the truth, would it not be rather a subject of sorrow than of joy? For how far is love, even with many wrong opinions, to be preferred before truth itself without love? We might die with many wrong opinions, with the misjudging of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom, but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels!" We are, of course, in different communities at this moment. I belong to the National Church of England; you belong to this great Wesleyan Connexion. But the Church of England is to me only a part of that Universal Church of God against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. The 19th Article of my own Church teaches me that the visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments are duly administered in all things which are essential to the same. That is the definition of a Church on which I am now insisting. Again, in our Prayer-Book we find that the Church consists of true Christians all over the world, and is described as being "the blessed company of all faithful people." And what can we do better than to follow the words of our Lord Himself when He said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold. Them also must I bring, and they shall hear My voice"—not as we have it in our Authorised Version, "That they may all be one *fold* and one shepherd"—but "that they may be one *flock* and one shepherd." There is one flock and there are many folds; and there has never been a time when there has been any activity of thought without those distinctions of opinion

which tend to the creation of different folds in the one flock. If we belong to the one flock it suffices us. Let us put the matter to a very simple test. Do we or do we not believe that there is equal room in all respects in Heaven for those who, though they have belonged to different bodies on earth, have yet lived in accordance with the commands of God, and in the love of Christ, and in the grace of the Holy Spirit? Now, if there be any persons—and, I suppose, there are members, especially of one branch of the Church, who would even say that they doubted whether there was any salvation outside what *they* mean by “the Church”—but if there be any who really would shut the doors of heaven to vast millions of Christians because they do not accept *their* dictations as to particular forms of doctrine such as in no wise affect the essentials of the Apostles’ Creed, and as to particular modes of Church government,—I say, if there be people who really do hold such an opinion as that, it seems to me such a narrow and miserable ignorance—it seems to me such a dwindling of the great, eternal, fathomless, shoreless ocean of the love of God into the shallow lakes of human ditch-water—that I have nothing whatever to say about them. If the Pope of Rome himself were to say to me that he did not think the door of heaven was not equally open to every true Christian, to whatever Christian body he belonged, I should only be sorry for his intolerant bigotry. I do not concern myself with cruel, slanderous bigots, who think that they may use the stake and the thumbscrew, or may use calumny and insult, to enforce the acceptance of their own falsities.

“The truest answer unto such  
Is kindly silence when they brawl.”

And in saying this I am only saying what many even good Roman Catholics have said. I forget who it was—I think it was Henri Peyrrave—who said that he for one would not make the doors of the Church bristle with razors and pitchforks. And—to take three



very different representatives of different bodies of the Church—it was the saintly Angélique Arnauld—she was the Abbess of Port Royal, and one of the most celebrated women of her day—who said, “I am of the Church of all the saints, and all the saints are of my Church.” To adduce a very different authority, the great William Penn, in words which I have often been fond of quoting, said, “The meek, the just, the pious, the devout, are all of one Church, and they shall all recognise each other hereafter when their various liveries are stripped away.” Take again another extremely different authority, a man to whom this century owes an immeasurable debt of gratitude, in spite of all his strange ruggedness, and only partial education in what we call literature and learning: I mean the great and noble President of America, Abraham Lincoln. He was in the habit of saying, “When I find the Church that writes over its portals, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,’ and ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,’ to that Church will I belong.” And these opinions, whether they find acceptance with others or not, are surely the only right opinions. We want the heaven over our heads to be, as Dante described it, of “the sweet colour of the Oriental sapphire”; and so it will be if those stars burn in that heaven which he describes—the three stars of Faith, Hope, and Love, and the four stars of the great Christian virtues, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, and Justice.

But if we accept these human opinions, we ought ever to remember that they are in accordance with the most emphatic and striking utterances in the Word of God. In the address of St. Peter to a multitude of uncircumcised and unbaptized Gentiles, the first who were admitted into the Church at all, he used that ever memorable and magnificent utterance, “Verily, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but *in every nation* he that feareth Him and doeth righteousness is accepted of Him.” And in that you see exactly the inner meaning of what Dr. Monro Gibson has just described as the two

sides of the shield, the double inscription on the one eternal foundation; on the one hand, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," and, on the other, "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." And, again, St. Paul in that most memorable utterance of his at Athens, though he was speaking entirely to Gentiles, and partly to sneering philosophers, said, "God has made of one every nation of men . . . that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from each one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring." Those great utterances of St. Peter and St. Paul are eternal protests against a narrow dogmatism and arrogant, exclusive forms of Church government:—and so long as they remain upon the page of Scripture it is perfectly monstrous to say that we are in any way guilty of schism, or of abetting schism, or acting against the real essential unity of the Church when we hold out—as I do with all my heart—the right hand of perfect fellowship to all those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and who endeavour to walk as He gave us commandment.

Let me say, in conclusion, that unity of love and unity in good works are the truest and the most essential Churchmanship, although, I daresay, I might in the old days have been burned for the expression of that opinion, as an illustrious ancestor of mine was burned in the reign of Queen Mary. He was one of the five martyred Bishops, the Bishop of St. David's. With regard to that Bishop of St. David's, a cutting was sent to me from a Roman Catholic newspaper. I accidentally glanced at it, though I usually commit these verminiferous fragments to the purging flame unread. It asked if I could have said so atrociously wicked a thing as that I was descended from *a devil's martyr*. If he were "a devil's martyr," he died for the faith of Christ, and I am very proud of him.

"Faggot and stake were desperately sincere;  
Our cooler martyrdoms are done in type."

But whether I am martyred or not, I know I have all Scripture to back me in the sentiments I have spoken, because all Scripture insists upon conduct and character as the test of true faith. You find it in David: "Keep innocency, and do the right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last." You find it in Solomon: "Fear God, and keep His commandments, for that is the whole duty of man." You find it in the Prophets: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" But we need no other authority than that of our blessed Lord Himself, who, when the young ruler came so eagerly to him, asking him for something superfine in religion, told him of the Ten Commandments, and simply said to him: "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep these Commandments." And our Lord's summaries of religion were not a heap of fantastic shibboleths or a tangle of niggling ceremonies, but they were: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but *he that doeth the will* of My Father which is in heaven"; and, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, *for this is the law and the prophets.*" If, therefore, I am wrong, and if I deserve even the cooler martyrdom of type for being present here on this occasion, and for saying what I have said, I most heartily welcome it, and I say as our Lord said, "Beati pacifici"—"Blessed are the peacemakers." I am not going to say at any one's dictation, "Maledicti pacifici"—"Cursed are those who hold out the right hand of fellowship to their brother Christians."

I have said all that I need to say, but I will only add that one sign, I think, of how differently God looks upon these mere differences in the folds of the one common flock, to the way in which many priests and others look at them,—one great and emphatic proof of that,—is the splendid commendation which God has given to some of the most glorious and enduring work in these last centuries, which has been done by men who did not belong either to the

Greek or the Roman or the Anglican fold. Who was it who wrote the most immortal allegory in the world, which has reached tens of thousands of hearts? John Bunyan, the Baptist tinker. Who was it who travelled through the whole length and breadth of Europe, not to see its splendid cathedrals and other spectacles; not to witness the sites of historical battles, but simply to gauge the depths of human misery? John Howard. The tears of many a prisoner fell upon his hands, and were the choicest reward for his life devoted to the amelioration of the world:—and John Howard was a Dissenter! Who first pitied the poor women in prison who were treated as beasts in Newgate, but Elizabeth Fry? And Elizabeth Fry was a Quaker! Who was it again who in the Western world first broke up the deep torpor of Christendom, and made people begin to feel that there was a horrible guilt in stealing human beings, and treating them as abject slaves? It was John Woolman; and John Woolman was a Quaker! Who was it who did more than anybody in modern times to revive the intense ardour for Christian missions but William Carey, the Baptist cobbler, who by his sermon at Kettering, for which he gained in the offertory £13, 12s. 6d., began the mighty work of the modern evangelisation of India, and translated the Bible into many dialects of Hindustan, in spite of all the sneers of the *Quarterly Review*, and half the Press of the day. The world gave itself up consumedly to laughter at the absurdity of a Baptist cobbler thinking that he could convert the nations! Yet this Baptist cobbler gave that start to modern missions which has resulted in millions of converts all over the world. Well, I say, while we have God's emphatic approval given to work by men who were not of one fold, but of widely different folds—while we see from this that His heaven is open to all who serve Him, in spite of their difference of opinion about non-essentials—we need have no fear whatever in taking the line which I am taking this evening. And as for John Wesley, my own diminutive stature is not such as to enable me to

place any wreath upon his forehead, but I lay it humbly upon the lowest part of the pedestal on which his statue stands. I am proud to be here this evening to give my humble tribute—not of praise, for he was far above it—but of simple admiration for his great and glorious work. To him the Church of England owes an immeasurable debt, because he roused it from deadly torpor and shameful inefficiency. Mr. Curteis, the author of the celebrated Bampton Lectures, calls Wesley the purest, the boldest, and one of the saintliest men of the Church of England; and we ought to be most deeply thankful to Almighty God, who enabled him to thrill an electric flame of true religion into a dead Church and thousands of perishing souls. And I say of him what Cowper so beautifully said of his great coadjutor, and—in spite of their differences—his great friend, George Whitefield—

“He loved the world that hated him, the tear  
That fell upon his Bible was sincere,  
Assailed by slander and the tongue of strife,  
His only answer was a blameless life,  
And he that forged and he that flung the dart  
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.  
• Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,  
If honest eulogy will leave thee room,  
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies  
Which, aimed at him, have pierced the offended skies,  
And say, Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,  
Against Thine image in Thy servant, Lord.”

# One of the Family.

BY ALDERMAN JAMES DUCKWORTH, M.P.



I CANNOT help feeling that I am a privileged guest here to-night. The friends around have been invited because they are friends and sympathisers with you in this celebration and dedication; but I stand here, sir, to represent the other Methodist Churches; therefore we are in the family. I want to emphasise that—we are in the family. It is true we left home many years ago and set up for ourselves, but you have not forgotten us, and we have not forgotten you; and we come to-day, sir, with gladness, with thankfulness, and with gratitude. You have made mention of my return as a member of the House of Commons, of which you, sir, are so distinguished a member; and you know that I made my first attempt at speaking in that House the other night I received several letters about two days after congratulating me on that effort, but I got one letter from my son—written as only my son could write a letter—and he says, “Well done, my dear old daddy.” So, sir, we your children to-night say, “Well done, our dear old folks at City Road.” We rejoice with you with a peculiar

pleasure that the old house and home of our venerated Founder is to be preserved for generations to come, not merely as a relic, although it is worthy to be preserved as that, but as a centre, as you say, from which will continue to come messages of hope and healing to the people around. And when we, your children, come from the country to see this old house and home, we feel sure you will not turn us away. I remember as a boy hearing a man say that when his children got married and left home they were lost to him; they became to him just like any other people. He was the only man I ever heard give expression to such a thing as that, and I formed a bad opinion of him. I did not like him, and I have never forgotten what he said. Well now, sir, you are not like that, and so the children are invited to this—what shall I call it?—house-warming celebration and dedication. Now, sir, your Secretary, Mr. Westerdale, said in his invitation to me, “You can speak as much as you like.” That was very kind of him; but I read that in another way—that I could make as short a speech as I liked, and you know when visitors are in the house, especially such distinguished visitors as we have here to-night—the children should not have much to say. However, you will expect me to say a word or two, I daresay, and those whom I represent will expect me to say a few words on their behalf. I am not going to tell you when—you know that very well—nor why we left home. You know about that; it was much more interesting to our fathers than it is to us; but if you will allow me, I will say a few words which may be, and, I trust, will be, of practical use to us as Methodists and to the Church to which we belong. First of all, sir, let me say that we shall do well to show a little more common sense in our treatment of each other than we have done in the past. Now common sense has been described as the power of looking at things all round and of seeing them in proportion to other things, a contemptuous scorn of trifles when allowed to usurp the place of essentials. I venture to say that that is a quality

of mind and disposition in which in the past we as Methodists have shown ourselves to be lacking. Does it not show a want of common sense for speakers on Methodist platforms and writers in Methodist newspapers to be continually emphasising the differences between us? Our fathers fought their battles, and won and lost victories; but why should we continue to fight to-day? Why remind the people of to-day of 1796 and Alexander Kilham, of 1835 and Dr. Warren, or of 1849 and Everett, Dunn, and Griffith? These men contended for what they believed to be right, and the principles for which they struggled live to-day. But the way they did it, and the passions they raised, and the angry words which were used on both sides, let us try to forget. There is no more common sense in bandying these words about to-day and in trying to rouse again these passions than there would be in saying to the French, especially just now, "Remember 1815 and Waterloo." Our great Founder, sir, has set us an example in this respect as in many other respects. As the Dean has just said to us, he had opportunities of controversy—in fact, he might have spent his whole time and strength in controversy had he been minded to do so; but he had other and better work to do. Now, sir, let us show our common sense by ceasing to strive and compete with each other as though we were rival tradesmen. What a loss of money is going on in this competition in hundreds of villages in the country at the present time! I know places where there are three Methodist chapels in the same village, and the congregations, all told, do not reach a hundred and fifty persons. Three men have to be taken every Sunday, sometimes in separate conveyances, three separate organisations, trustees, chapel-keepers, collections, and everything else necessary, and there is a desperate struggle for existence in those churches. They sometimes are under the necessity of resorting to things which they feel in themselves are unworthy of them, in order to keep their heads above water at all. This is folly—and I have long since made up my mind that when



applied to to assist in chapel-building, I will make strict inquiries as to the necessity for a chapel in that place before I give any encouragement to it. And if I find that there is ample accommodation for the people either in the church or chapel, no matter what the denomination is called or what name it is known by, I will not encourage the expense of building more chapels. The object of our great Founder, as you well know, was to spread practical godliness and scriptural holiness throughout the land, and we need to keep that great and grand object before us to-day. In our day I think we need to concentrate our energies; we are brought face to face with huge masses of people in our great centres where there is a close hand-to-hand fight with vice and sin, and we cannot afford to waste our energies in striving with or fighting against each other. Organic union! Yes, let it come. I do not object to it. I will welcome it when the time comes; but in the meantime let us, as different regiments in the same army, led on by the same Captain, stand shoulder to shoulder in the conflict. Let there be no fraternal quarrels, no distrust, no competition; in all good causes let us be united in one, and the victory will be ours.

“For right is right since God is God,  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!”

Again, let us show our common sense in our ideas about service and sacrifice in connection with our Churches. We have too many indifferent and lazy people amongst us to-day. It has been said the world is divided into those who do something, and those who look on, and say that it might have been done much better. We have a large number of the latter in our Churches, and they are a dead weight to carry. It is calculated that the work of the Christian Church is carried on by 10 per cent. of its members. That means that ten people out of every hundred have to drag or push along ninety other people.

Is it any wonder that the Church accomplishes so little? One service on the Sunday is quite sufficient for large numbers amongst us to-day, and there is no prayer-meeting, no class-meeting and no fellowship during the week. And as to giving, well, there are thousands of Methodists to-day who hardly know what to do with the money which God has put into their hands. The great difficulty is how they may invest it in order that it may return a satisfactory dividend to them. Do these people give in proportion to their income? Not they! Oh, it would do us all good, while we are under the influence of these celebrations, to read over again the life of our Founder. Listen! when his income was £30 a year, he gave away £2. When it was £60 a year, he still confined his expenses to £28, and gave away £32. When it had reached £120—some of our ministers are starving on that to-day—it is far too little. I am not one who runs ministers down, or who believes in their being under paid; I believe in a standard rate of wages—and I go in for people having above their standard and not below it—but this is what John Wesley did. When his income reached £120, he kept himself on his old allowance and gave away £92. The last insertion in his private journal, written in a trembling hand, reads thus: “For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly.” I wish we could all do that, and know where we were. “I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can and give all I can—that is, all I have.” Talk about service and sacrifice, there is our example! Let us try to follow it! Let us follow it more faithfully than we have done in the past. Oh, on this hallowed spot, in this sacred place, while these celebrations are proceeding, let every genuine Methodist consecrate himself afresh and all he has to God! Think of what needs to be done! There are tens of thousands in London to-day who are living without God and without hope. The harvest, truly, is stupendous, and those who are labouring are sometimes bewildered

when they look upon what they have to do and what there is to be done ; but the labourers are few. Oh that during these celebrations the hearts of some of you who have not yet put your hands to the work may be wrought upon, so that you will go into this great harvest-field and find a sphere of usefulness where you can hope to bring souls to God.

“Lift up thine eyes upon the fields,  
The whitening harvest see ;  
There, while the labourers are few,  
The Lord hath need of thee.  
Go forth with speed, the work is great,  
And early must thou toil, and late ;  
But glory in eternal weight  
Thy full reward shall be.”

# Wesley's Influence on Theology and Life.

BY THE REV. J. CLIFFORD, D.D.

—o—



MR. CHAIRMAN, President of the Conference, and beloved Friends,—I ought really to have been engaged to-night in some effort on behalf of the London County Council—fighting for the unification of our metropolis, which certainly must come, and it will be helped, I think, in several ways by a gathering like to-night's. But when I had the opportunity of taking part in a meeting of this kind, I felt it impossible to avoid accepting the offer promptly and gladly. It is a great pleasure to me to bring to you the hearty and sincere greetings of the Baptist brotherhood in connection with this festive celebration, and also to share in what I think I may fairly describe as a unique manifestation of Christian union. Every day I live I rejoice in seeing fresh indications that the Churches are endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace—and I believe that from the end of the first century up till now there has not been a time in which Christian unity has been more deep, more

full, more real, or more spiritual. And whilst we have manifestations on every hand of the increasing variety and wealth of the types of Christian life and of Christian service, yet is this unity deepening and broadening all around.

Moreover, our meeting proves my first point, this growing unity is very largely due to the fact that we realise our oneness in the illustrious leaders that God Himself has sent to the Churches from generation to generation. He has shown us how we are bound together by the opulence of those nourishing and faithful souls, who, in the language of Browning—

“Have helped us, lending their minds out.”

And so we, to-night, feel that we are one in the ownership and use of the great men God has given to His Church—in Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles; in John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; in John, the beloved disciple of our Lord; in John Calvin, the astute and able theologian; in James, the capable pastor and brother of our Lord; in John Owen and John Howe, Independents; in Peter, bold, impetuous, and determined; in Cranmer and in Charles Simeon; in Andrews and in Chalmers; in John Knox and in Thomas Guthrie; in Robert Hall and in John Foster—indeed, in a great host of consecrated men that God has sent to make His Churches one through showing us how such men serve not only their partial and local communities, but, in serving them, serve the whole brotherhood of believers.

Some persons have spoken mistakenly concerning John Wesley, as though he was a fomentor of strifes and a creator of schism. He is really a centre of true Christian brotherhood and a bond linking the Churches together more tightly than ever they had been; so that when we contemplate a gathering like to-night's, Baptists cannot be omitted if we are to be true to Wesley's influence on theology and life, the folks you will notice who were left out by Dr. Monro Gibson when he described that

amalgamation which is to take place with Methodists and Presbyterians at the centre—but I can tell you we shall be there! The world has never been able to get along for a great period of time without some Baptists about—and I am certain that when this union of the Churches comes, you will find that the Baptists are as hearty and whole-souled in the consecration of themselves to Church unity as any other of the denominations. You can insulate a wire, but you cannot insulate a man. Because a wire is a wire you may send a message along it and keep it on the wire until it reaches its goal; but a man is a soul, and the messages which God gives to him are not to be kept within him, and are not kept within him; they radiate everywhere, and continue radiating until their brilliance fills the whole field of human thought and human activity. You may say, “Peter is mine”—he is the apostle of Catholicity, as Dean Farrar has described him. Another may say, “Paul is mine”—he is the advocate of liberty, and I want to be free—free from all intolerance of any and every sort. Another man may say, “I am of Apollos,” and there may be some people who will actually go the length of saying, “I am of Christ; He is here, He is in this Church, and He is nowhere else.” But all this is mere talk. It is simply verbiage, or worse, for all things are ours, and all men are ours—Apollos, Peter, Paul, Wesley, Calvin, all ours because they are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s. In the great sphere of service to the Church these leaders all come together and contribute towards the extension of the kingdom of God as they add to the fervour of the individual disciples, enrich the literature which those Churches send forth, or go to the ends of the earth proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is not necessary to know much history, not even much of the history of the last one hundred and fifty years, in order to see that you Wesleyans have no monopoly of John Wesley. God never makes a monopolist. They try to make them in the city—but even there they cannot

succeed. God has given the earth to the children of men, and He sends His rain upon the just and upon the unjust, makes His sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good. And do you think that when he is sending a great soul like John Wesley He is simply sending him to create a new society and to imprison him within its walls? Impossible! That is not like God. You have had in the language of our Chairman a description given to you of the period into which John Wesley was introduced ;—the apathy, the stupor, the stupidity, I might even say, of the Churches of that day ; and you will remember, will you not ? that those Churches were setting forth a teaching concerning the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ which sapped their energies, quenched their enthusiasm, and which enfeebled them for all true service of their generation. It was given to the Wesleyan Church, through John Wesley, to contribute the strongest possible argument in favour of the broadest interpretation of the atonement as a doctrine which may be held and taught without the slightest derogation from the real Deity of Jesus, without the sapping of the soul's consecration to personal holiness, and without quenching the fires of enthusiasm for the salvation of men. Indeed, it was not simply given to this Church to contribute that great argument, a living argument, in favour of this broader, this newer theology,—for it was a theology at that date,—but also to infect the other Churches with it ; so that to-day this selfsame Wesleyan teaching is being heard in nearly all the pulpits of our land.

I am not good at telling a story, but I want to tell you one. I often regret that I was not introduced into the Methodist ministry, if only for getting the capability of effectively telling a story. You should hear my friend Mr. Kelly tell a story. You know how he can do it. I would give all I am worth pretty well if I could only tell a story as Mr. Kelly can. But just let me take you into the middle of this country. Two or three years ago I was invited to take part in the third

jubilee of a "General" Baptist Church at Barton-in-the-Beans. Now you do not know Barton-in-the-Beans. Even Wesleyans do not know everything. If you were tested in your geography concerning Barton-in-the-Beans, I venture to say that not one person out of ten here could give a correct answer. Nevertheless, John Wesley went into that district, and when John Wesley was there he preached the gospel of God's grace, so that two men heard it. One was a coachman to Lady Huntingdon, and another was a blacksmith, Joseph Donisthorpe, at the village of Normanton. These two men heard the Word of the Lord, and they were brought to a knowledge of God's salvation, and they went about the district preaching. At length they got to this place called Barton Fabis, and after going through burning flames of persecution in their effort to preach the gospel, a church of seven members was formed in a carpenter's house, and Messrs. Kendrick and Dickson were chosen elders, and Mrs. Kendrick elderess. Men are very sane when they take the New Testament simply as their guide, and they really believe with the Apostle Paul that in the new manhood there is no Jew nor Greek, there is neither male nor female. And as these people had only got the New Testament for their guide, most unhesitatingly they proceeded to elect not only Messrs. Kendrick and Dickson as elders, but Mrs. Kendrick as an elderess. Although that was a hundred and fifty-three years ago, what had followed from that bit of work of John Wesley's at the end of the last century? They had entered into the Midland towns, had the people who belonged to this Church; the North had felt their influence; even London was enriched by their power. In the second half-century, besides planting churches in other villages in Leicestershire, they sent from the old home into the foreign mission field, and into the ministry, men and women of splendid consecration and burning enthusiasm; and to-day, in addition to a large number of separated and independent children, the Mother Church



owns seven chapels, provides sitting accommodation for over fifteen hundred persons, and gathers her congregation from over a dozen villages. From Twycross to Leicester Forest, a distance of twelve miles in one direction, and from Market Bosworth to Markfield, a length of eight miles in another direction, she extends her evangelistic and beneficent operations. All that sprang out of the visit of John Wesley into that particular neighbourhood.

And that is not all. John Wesley, as you know, regarded the whole world as his parish—and consequently he visited the north of this country, and there was a man named Dan Taylor who had a strong sense of sin and a passionate desire to find God's salvation. He walked twenty miles for the purpose of hearing John Wesley. He heard him, and the message of salvation came to him through the words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Well, this Dan Taylor had the temerity to be a Baptist. Now, you notice he had already been brought to Christ through Wesley's teaching, and he had got the broad, universal interpretation of the atonement, but he wanted to be baptized. There were a number of Baptists in that district, but they were all Calvinists, and not one of them would baptize him, and the man had to walk all the way from Halifax to Retford before he could discover an individual who would put him under the water. There he met with a minister belonging to what was then called the General Baptist Church, who was prepared, notwithstanding his acceptance of the Wesleyan teaching concerning the atonement, for that was the doctrine of his Church, to baptize him. And there followed from this, that Dan Taylor came to London, wrought for years in the Commercial Road as a pastor and teacher, found out the Barton Baptists, went to them, and they together created the new Connexion of General Baptists, a con-

nexion that became 30,000 strong, founded a mission in Orissa, India, established a Theological College in the Midlands, and wrought untold good for England at large. And then, in the year 1891, all the traces of the division between the Calvinistic Baptists, called Particular, and the old General Baptists, were done away, and the two bodies became one.

That is a chapter in Wesleyan history not written in the Wesleyan books. But you will not be able to complete the account of Wesley's ministry to the Churches of this country unless you recognise the way in which his teaching has penetrated these Churches and has dislodged the teaching which, in my judgment, was a misrepresentation of God, which emphasised the fact of punishment without presenting that brighter and more attractive aspect of God which is shown on Calvary—God reconciling the world unto Himself, not reckoning man's trespasses against him. There is a book of theology where you have three pages on heaven, and no less than eighty-seven pages treating of hell. That is a relic of the old times. John Wesley has to a great extent got rid of that, and all it represents, and thereby has made it possible for us, not simply in heart, in sympathy, and in aspiration, to grasp hands, but also in opinion, in conviction, in real, living belief, to go forward as the servants of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ together.

There is one danger I should like to point out on this occasion. We may think of John Wesley as so absolutely inimitable, so completely outside the range of our ordinary experience, that we may lose some of the values of his biography. I am one of the first to recognise his primal rank, to rejoice in his exceptional abilities. He was a seer in insight; in philanthropy one of the greatest and truest in spirit; he had the engineering faculty of one of our greatest organisers; and in his beautiful life he was an accomplished saint, in his calm and power he was as a son of God. To all this was added the persuasive speech of the orator and the pen of the ready writer. So that in

the combination of these various qualities he stands forth with unprecedented and unexampled greatness. But when we have recognised all his exceptional qualities, his rare gift of leadership, his enormous power of work, his fulness of devotion to his task, still the qualities which made him the man he was are qualities which in Methodism are recognised as within the grasp of us all. Everything starts from his conversion. He experiences this radical change, crosses the Rubicon, makes choice of Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Leader, and it is out of this radical change that his theology comes, that his consecration to Christ comes, that all his work comes. The theology which a man puts into a book may or may not be the theology of his experience, but if it is not, his theology will not be vital—it will lack dynamic energy, there will be nothing magnetic about it, it will lose all the charm of personality. All the theologies that have been world-renewing have come out of the experiences of men in fellowship with God through Jesus Christ. Wesley's theology came out of that deep experience—an experience which we recognise as being essential in some form or other to Church membership, an experience which is at the beginning of every Christian life, and which opens before every believer a path along which he may travel with the same consecration and the same devotion which characterised Wesley himself. Yes, in such qualities as these we are one, all of us, with John Wesley:—in his experience of the grace of Christ through the power of the Holy Spirit—in his joyousness as he accepts God's pardon in its freeness and fulness; in his entire dedication of himself to the salvation of men, in the contagiousness of his enthusiasm—all these are the very qualities which go to make the forces of our Churches, which constitute the power by which we are witnesses to the world for Jesus Christ, and win the world to Jesus Christ. They are all within the grasp of every member of our Christian Churches; nay, within the grasp of every son and daughter of Adam. Let

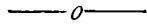
us recognise this, so that we may not make the mistake of looking upon John Wesley's example as though, forsooth, it was beyond us entirely, and did not incite and allure and attract us to follow him in the way he has gone.

I rejoice that you have accepted as your method of celebrating this occasion the dedication of John Wesley's house, first of all as a museum, and then as a sort of settlement whence persons shall go forth to evangelise this neighbourhood. I am thankful for anything that enriches this metropolis. Your museum will be one of the most sacred parts of this great city; it will add to its charms; it will quicken its sense of solidarity. Methodists from the country will come, and they will find themselves quickened and stimulated as they contemplate the contents of this museum. Why, I can imagine that the museum itself will become a consecrated spot. When Sir Roderick Murchison was walking along the shores of the east of this country, without an aim in his mind, without a purpose in his life, casually there arrested his attention a fossil in the rock, and the sight of that fossil was the creation of a new career for him. May it not be possible that some of the children of Methodists, stepping into this museum and seeing some relic of John Wesley's great, consecrated, and beautiful life, shall be constrained to say, "And I, too, will be a Wesley. I will walk in the footprints he has left, and see if I cannot further the great purpose that animated his life?"

But the best of all consecrations on this occasion is that of continuing and freshening Wesley's work in this particular neighbourhood, endeavouring to reach the people who are round about, and who are still living without a knowledge of the gospel of the grace of God. That organ known as the *Standard* said a little while ago that the work of Methodism was done, its career as an organisation was terminated—or would be speedily terminated. Well, it does not look like it. When I think of the suggestion from your Chairman of opening the new

century with a million pounds, it does not look as though your work as Methodists were done. And I am as sure that you will raise that million as I am that I am here to-night. My faith in you Methodist people is expressed in the old and familiar hymn. You "laugh at impossibilities, and cry, It shall be done." My grandmother was a Methodist, and used to sing that. I learned it, and I believe whatever pluck there has been in my life has been due very largely to the way in which that hymn has got into me. When I see the way in which you are using this opportunity of endeavouring to develop this new form of work in London, I must say this, that so far as my observation of forty years' work in this metropolis goes, some of the best work that is being done in our city is being done by deaconesses—by those who go from house to house, who minister comfort to such as are in affliction, who introduce the soothing, uplifting gospel of the grace of God into the heart that He has made tender by the Divine chastisement, and thus win souls to the exercise of faith and repentance. It is a fine commemoration of the service of John Wesley to continue his work in this fashion, and to advance it towards its true goal—the salvation of the world. God bless you in this your new departure, and crown you with that grace, that best of all rewards, the salvation of men.

## Closing Courtesies.



THE REV. CHARLES H. KELLY said—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—My duty is very simple, and will be performed in about two minutes. I rise to propose that the very hearty thanks of this meeting be given to the four speakers who have so delightfully edified us. I am quite sure that the fact of the appearance on this platform of the gentlemen who have spoken is a great historic fact ; it shows the essential unity of Christian people, and that the day has gone when men will attempt—

“ To prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks.”

Now, we have a very different spirit rife amongst us. We welcome, as Methodists, every gentleman who has spoken to-day. We welcome Dean Farrar with particular heartiness. We thank him most sincerely for his admirable speech ; we are glad to have a member of that Church that gave John Wesley to the world. And we are delighted to know that, in addition to Dean Farrar, we have had the representative of the ancient Presbyterian Churches in Dr. Monro Gibson.

We are delighted to have Dr. Clifford. I am not quite sure how much we owe to the Baptist Churches and to the Baptist doctrine, but I have an impression that we owe more than sometimes we have been apt to acknowledge.

I do not know how far we might have gone with reference to infant baptism if we had not had the consciousness that there was a great set of people watching us very closely. I defy anyone to tell you where every Methodist stands with reference to baptism, but I am sure about this, that it has been no disadvantage to us, at anyrate, to have had connection and membership with the great Baptists of this country. We are also delighted to have Mr. Alderman Duckworth here to represent the other Methodist Churches. I do not know how far we are from the day when we shall have organic union of the Methodist Churches—possibly it is nearer than some people think—possibly it is that we cannot tell quite what to propose with reference to organic union. We Methodists are peculiar people, and our children are quite as peculiar as their fathers and mothers. It would never do for us to make the suggestion to them that the Pope makes. The Pope would like reunion of the Greek, the Anglican, and all the other Churches, but then his opinion of union differs very much from what we think is practicable and agreeable. His idea of union is that it should be like that which existed between Jonah and the whale—when Jonah was inside the whale. I am delighted to know that this is not probably possible, and very delighted to know that he has given such a distinct definition of his whereabouts that at anyrate we have nothing to fear as to the union of the Church of England with the Church of Rome. So far as we are concerned, and the other Nonconformist Churches, I am perfectly sure that there is no probable reunion there. But my point is this: I am afraid we cannot offer to the other Free Churches simple reunion on these terms; but the day may come, and I think it will, when we shall be able so to arrange matters that we shall see, at anyrate, a very much closer union than we have ever had yet. At least this is certain, that the Mother Church of Methodism delights to see to-night the representatives of so many of the other branches of Methodism, and to them, and of them, and to all the Churches in this great country we say,

Grace, mercy, and peace be to every one of you. I move, sir, most heartily, that our thanks be given to the gentlemen who have spoken to us to-night; and next, last but not least important, to the Chairman himself. No one can propose that vote with more sincere pleasure than myself. Mr. Perks is the son of almost my first class-leader, and I have memories of the Rev. George T. Perks of the most tender sort, as every good Methodist who knew him must have. Then Mr. Perks has always been true to his principles, true to his Church. He is now fathering a scheme that will send his name down to posterity in Methodism for the suggestion of a grand scheme and for the working out of a great success; for as surely as this suggestion has been made for the raising of a million pounds for the beginning of the new century for our purposes, so surely will that scheme be successful. And I trust that we shall all live to see the day when in some great meeting, in this place or elsewhere, we may sing the Doxology about it. I move, sir, most heartily, the vote of thanks to the speakers and to yourself.

The Rev. Dr. T. B. STEPHENSON seconded the resolution, making reference to a similarly catholic meeting he had just left at Westminster, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which men of all Churches had been seeking to promote the cause of temperance.

Proceeding, Dr. Stephenson said—

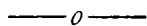
I am glad to come back to this building, which is the central home and representative Church of Methodism, and to find a platform not less broad, and perhaps requiring in its unity even a larger stretch of Christian catholicity than that which was necessary for the other meeting. Now, I shall not be tempted to say anything in continuation of what my eloquent friend who has just sat down has said. I agree with every word he has said, especially with his reference made so emphatically to the “million scheme”—because I have an advantage over him in that matter. I do not think he is going to get anything out of that matter, but I expect to get a good deal out of it, so



that, apart from all other reasons, I have a very selfish reason—at least, in view of the work with which I am charged, to wish every possible success and blessing to the million scheme. And if we do not talk too big, and manage the work very earnestly, no doubt, by the blessing of God, we may achieve success in that matter. The hour is such, sir, that I will not allow myself to say more than that it is with the greatest possible pleasure that I second the resolution.

The Rev. W. L. WATKINSON (President of the Conference), who was received with an outburst of cheering, put the resolution to the meeting with a few graceful and characteristic remarks, and it was carried with acclamation. The Chairman asked Dean Farrar to respond, which he did, and the Doxology closed the meeting.

# An Old-Fashioned Lovefeast.



THE writer had not attended a lovefeast at Wesley's Chapel for seven years before Tuesday evening—ever since, in fact, the glorious and memorable gathering at the Centenary. On entering, we saw at once that the present occasion was not likely, in point of numbers at least, to compare with that. Then every seat was filled, and the aisles were thronged. Now probably the whole congregation could have found seats on the floor of the building. But the old spirit was there. We felt it as we rose to sing, at Mr. M'Cullagh's bidding—

“What shall we offer our good Lord,  
Poor nothings ! for His boundless grace?”

And as Mr. Olver led us to the throne of grace, many an ejaculation testified that we were in a Methodist meeting of a typical kind.

We sang the grace, of course, before our “frugal repast,” as Mr. M'Cullagh called it, “of bread and water,”—though, by the way, the stewards had so far conformed to the spirit of modernity, as to give us sweet cakes,—and

then we drank from the "loving-cup," in the shape of the huge two-handled mugs which they still use at Wesley's Chapel. Far be the day when these simple emblems of the great brotherhood which pervades our Church shall be slighted and relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness to which have gone so many customs hallowed by antiquity. Then we returned thanks, and Mr. Olver took up the thread of the meeting by reading a few charmingly appropriate verses from Psalm lxvi.



Mr. M'Cullagh opened the fountain of experience. He told us that it was nearly forty years since he first, and nearly thirty-seven years since he last, led a lovefeast in Wesley's Chapel. Many changes had come since then. London had doubled its size and its population, and in many other respects was the metropolis widely different from that which he then knew. The congregation of Wesley's Chapel had greatly altered. He doubted if there were a score of persons now forming part of it who were in it when John Lomas, W. R. Williams, Thomas Jackson, Samuel Coley, Edward Lightwood, and Thomas M'Cullagh ministered the Word of Life there. But the eternal verities of the gospel were unchanged. In the midst of vicissitudes he could declare, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure." And the heartfelt experience of genuine Christians was the same now as at the first lovefeast held within those walls by John Wesley himself. It was still true that "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And believers could still say, "I will praise Thee, for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me." He trusted that as in the old time their hearts would burn within them as God talked with them, and they with each other.



Mr. Olver said that fifty-six years ago on Sunday week he knelt a seeker for salvation in the old chapel at Old Kingswood, and first knew what a settled peace meant. He still knew what it was to walk day by day hand in hand with God. His practical theology was "The Father knows; the Father loves; the Father guides."

Mr. Ralph Smith told us how, under the ministry of John Rattenbury, in that chapel, he yielded himself to God for the second time.

The Rev. W. Harris (first President of the Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association) spoke of his memories of Sutcliffe and Marsden and Reece and other Methodist worthies of sixty years ago. He told us, too, how he was converted to God as a child through his mother's prayers with and for him.

The next speaker had a touching experience to tell of conscious intercourse with God from day to day.

Then we had a testimony from one who was a little boy during Mr. M'Cullagh's ministry, and was thankful for that minister's kindness to his blind mother. He told us, too, how he found "the second blessing" during special services at City Road. This was a rich experience.

A good man in the gallery thought it was time those above had a turn, and gave some reminiscences of intercourse with Mr. M'Cullagh many years ago. He had been a child of God since he was twelve years of age, and had been a local preacher for nearly fifty years.

Another speaker told of his conversion through the influence of his wife, and his consequent relinquishment of Sunday trading.

A sister had been brought there to a lovefeast by her father sixty years ago.

Then Mr. Lethaby, of Aden, gave us some experiences of the loving care of God during his eventful

career. He felt that night very specially of the Methodist Church that "One family we dwell in Him."

The next speaker had travelled between seventy and eighty miles to attend that lovefeast. He was ashamed that he should have to say that he had to come all the way from South Hampshire to see what a real lovefeast was.

Another told of his earliest memory, that of being taken by his father to the Sabbath school. To his father and the Sabbath school he ascribed most of the good in him, deprecated perfunctoriness in Christian service, and the tendency to callousness with regard to abounding sin.

The next speaker had come from Swansea to attend that meeting.

Mr. Reynolds, one of the Wesley's Chapel circuit stewards, thanked God for a radical change, an old-fashioned conversion, and dedicated himself to God afresh.

The next speaker gave one of the most detailed and circumstantial histories of his conversion (under the late Rev. W. Ainsworth) and Christian life that we ever heard.

Then we had a long series of brief, red-hot testimonies from men and women who knew that their eyes were opened, and that God was their Father, smiling upon them, guiding, helping, and keeping them. Almost everyone spoke of himself as an old-fashioned Methodist, and the meeting as an old-fashioned lovefeast.

A young City Road local preacher gave a modest but earnest testimony as to his conversion in the Radnor Street School.

Another speaker in the gallery hailed from Yorkshire. He also could tell of an old-fashioned conversion, and of a varied experience—in which, however, God had always been present.

We had a good many snatches of song during the meeting, started by musical brethren in different parts of the chapel. They all went well, but none like two verses of—

"Jesus! the name high over all,"

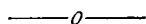
sung with immense gusto to that fine old tune *Lyngham*. The two hours fled all too rapidly. Many more wanted to speak when Mr. Olver rose to bring the meeting to a close, and of those who did bear testimony we have given but a selection. There was little noise, but a fine spirit prevailed throughout, and the speaking was of a high order, and most edifying and stimulating.

Mr. Kelly made the announcements for Wednesday. Mr. Olver gave out the concluding hymn—

“There we shall see His face,”

and Mr. Kelly closed the happy gathering with a prayer full of thanksgiving.

# Dedication Day.



## The Early Prayer-Meeting.

AT five o'clock in the morning there was a large congregation in Wesley's Chapel—much larger than could have been conveniently housed in the Morning Chapel. The Rev. T. E. Westerdale conducted the meeting. The Revs. Charles H. Kelly and Allen Rees were on the platform below the pulpit. There was a large representation of the trustees and stewards. Friends were recognised from other London circuits—ministers and laymen. The singing was glorious. The hymns were—"What shall we offer our good Lord?" "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," "Father, to Thee my soul I lift," "Great is our redeeming Lord," "All hail the power of Jesus' name," together with many verses—"My God, I am Thine," "O happy day," etc.

There was no lack of praying men—old and young—and no sign that the old Methodist "power to pray" had suffered loss. Special prayer was offered for the Rev. Charles Garrett and Mrs. Garrett. It was one of the richest, happiest prayer-meetings held in Wesley's Chapel within living memory. Mr. Mee said that half a dozen people were there from his circuit. On Tuesday night he appointed a new leader. He was present in the prayer-meeting at five o'clock. Coffee was served in the lobbies.

## The Communion of Saints.

At half-past seven the Sacramental Service was held. Again an exceptionally large number were present. The Rev. T. E. Westerdale and his colleague conducted the service. The Rev. Charles H. Kelly read the consecration prayer and administered the elements.



The Ex-President, Rev. Dr. RANGLES, gave the address.

In the course of it he said the Sacrament reminded us of our separation from the world. This was by our own choice. We had taken upon us many obligations the world did not own. It also reminded us that we were united one with another. We who belonged to the Lord were akin to all Christ's people, living and departed. Especially we remembered our oneness with the long Methodist succession; many of whose bodies slept around us. Not so their spirits; they did not sleep, but were with their Lord and the blessed dead. We belonged to them; they to us. United to Christ, we were, therefore, united to one another. We had common work, common hopes, and drank of one stream. That privilege did not come through any merit of our own, but through His mercy. Still closer was our fellowship with Christ, the bond of our union with each other. In the Holy Communion we partook of His body and blood, not literally, but of emblems which reminded us of the Christian's real spiritual partaking of Christ. We apprehended Him by faith. "Really present to the vision of our inner spiritual eye, let us trust Him; by faith behold Him—and He will come in and sup with us, and the banquet will be a foretaste of our fellowship in eternity."

After the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross,"



the Rev. C. H. Kelly read the prayer of approach to the Lord's table and the prayer of consecration.

The administration closed with "Rock of Ages," and the usual prayer and Gloria.

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## The Breakfast Meeting.

Breakfast was served in the Morning Chapel at a quarter to nine. Nearly two hundred persons sat down. Mr. Ebenezer Parkes, M.P. for Central Birmingham, presided, supported by the Rev. J. S. Simon and the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock.

Among those present were the Rev. Dr. Randles, the Rev. C. H. Kelly, the Rev. W. Harris (the first President of the Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association), the Revs. Allen Rees, F. J. Murrell, and Josiah Mee; Mr. James Crowe, Mr. W. Strange, the seven Trustees of the Wilson Street Trust, the Rev. W. S. Bestall, Mr. C. W. Slater (Swansea), Mr. J. H. Deakin, J.P. (Forest of Dean), Mr. J. Wilcox Edge, J.P., and Mr. George Stampe.

A short meeting followed the breakfast, Mr. Parkes being welcomed to the chair by the Rev. T. E. Westerdale. The proceedings opened with prayer by the Rev. F. J. MURRELL.

The Rev. T. E. WESTERDALE made a statement.

He explained that although the House which was to be dedicated to the memory of John Wesley was still in the hands of the contractors, it was thought that the day of the anniversary of John Wesley's death should not be allowed to pass without something being done, and the Trustees arranged, therefore, for the dedication to take place on that day; but it was hoped that some time during the May Meetings another time of rejoicing might be spent in connection with the reopening of the House on its completion. The object of the celebration was, said

Mr. Westerdale, to raise £10,000 for the completion of the work ; and he expressed the belief that that amount would be raised. He exhibited a piece of wood which had been taken from the foundations upon which Wesley's House was built, and created some laughter by saying that it was the only wooden foundation ever connected with John Wesley. He believed that there were people who would give him £100 for the piece of piling he exhibited, but he declared he would not take it, although he had two other pieces which might, perhaps, fetch enough to pay for the electric lighting of the chapel.

The CHAIRMAN had a very hearty reception.



He said that the proceedings of that day reminded one somewhat of the proceedings of the early Methodists, but he did not think that the early Methodists ever had a programme which began at five o'clock in the morning, and finished somewhere about eleven at night. He was sure everyone must have been struck with the abounding zeal and energy which Mr. Wester-

dale had manifested, and Methodists ought to thank God that at that particular juncture Mr. Westerdale had been placed in a position to carry out so great and memorable a work. It appeared to him (the Chairman) that English people sometimes were rather tardy in their ascriptions of praise and appreciation of their great men. It was very often the case that a man had to be dead a considerable number of years before he was fully appreciated ; and it would not be surprising if in two or three hundred years' time the name of John Wesley was more revered and venerated than it was at present. The American people were very much more zealous in what might be called the worship of ancestors and relics than the English, and if they could have had their way, he believed they would have taken

John Wesley's House bodily to America. But he was glad the English people had too much loyalty to the memory of John Wesley to allow anything of the kind. It seemed that it was only right and proper that there should be a Mecca of Methodism, and he believed the rooms of John Wesley would have the effect of stimulating those who visited them to greater and mightier efforts in the cause of Christ. There had been some talk in the papers about the leakage in Methodism, but, while that might be true in one sense, it was not true in another, and Methodism was going throughout the world by leaps and bounds, and the Methodist organisation as a Protestant Church was the largest organisation in the world. Referring to the question of unity, Mr. Parkes thought it was a grand utterance of Dean Farrar's on Monday evening when he said that he looked upon the Church of England as only one section of the Christian Church. They looked on Methodists as another section. If all Christian Churches would look upon themselves as sections of one great body, it would be best for all. They wanted to be one army—different regiments, different captains, different generals, but under one great Leader. He looked upon Bunhill Fields, opposite Wesley's House, as the *campo santo* of the Nonconformists. John Bunyan was buried there; and the mother of John Wesley was buried there. It therefore seemed to him only a fitting corollary to the sacred memories which clustered around Wesley's House. In conclusion, the Chairman wished that Mr. Westerdale's highest hopes might be realised, and the movement brought to a successful issue. He was very glad to play his humble part in the great ceremony of the day. He looked upon it as one of the red-letter days of Wesleyan Methodism throughout the country, and they ought to congratulate themselves on having such a splendid leader and organiser as Mr. Westerdale to carry the matter through.





WESLEY'S HOUSE.

## Wesley's House.

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.



On Sunday, August 8, in the year 1779, John Wesley slept in the Foundery for the last time. He tells us, with a touch of regret quite pathetic, that for one-and-forty years the Foundery had been his home. He rarely lingers on the personal incidents of his life, and always leaves room for conjecture. One cannot but wonder what were his thoughts as he knelt in prayer in the little upper room at the back of the Foundery Chapel on that last Sunday night. The few simple words in his Journal suggest more than they say. What times had gone over him! Of what changes and dreams, "providences displayed," and secret conflicts, about which no one knew save God, had that old, half-shattered Foundery been the scene. Did he think of his mother, who died in those same upper rooms? and of his father and his sisters—his kith and kin? or only of his people and preachers and work?

As a matter of fact, Wesley never in all his life had a house. By the side of the Foundery, and as part of the establishment, there was, it is true; a dwelling-house, but it was given over to the London preachers, who lived in it a kind of community life, and Wesley and his mother, and afterwards his sister Martha, or occasionally his brother Charles, occupied rooms above the great band-room behind the Foundery. It was the same in Bristol, at Kingswood, and Newcastle-on-Tyne; he lived in *rooms*. I have stood in one of his rooms, and thought of the little chamber with plain, narrow camp-bedstead, which his great relative, Arthur Wellesley, the "Iron Duke,"

used to occupy in the castle at Walmer; and I have thought also of the simple little home at Nazareth where the greatest Teacher of all, and the greatest Captain, dwelt. What is to be said about it by us who live in beautiful houses? What but the bairns' hymn—

“If gaily clothed and proudly fed  
In dangerous wealth we dwell,  
Remind us of Thy manger bed  
And lowly cottage cell.”

We think of this house as built coincidentally with Wesley's Chapel. This does not appear to have been strictly the case. The chapel was opened for worship on Sunday, November 1, 1778. It had been much more than a year in building, and was not itself absolutely finished for some years after the opening.<sup>1</sup>

The Morning Chapel seems to have been finished, but not all the vestries. The house may have been commenced whilst the chapel was in building, but it certainly was not ready for occupation until eleven months after the opening of the chapel.

We may be tolerably certain, though I believe there is no positive information, that Mr. Tooth, whose daughter for many years lived as companion with Mrs. Fletcher—“Eliza Tooth,” to whose pious care we are indebted for the preservation of large quantities of precious information—built the chapel and the house also.

The City Road, as we now know it, is altogether different from the “Royal Row” which in those days separated “Finchbury,” as it is called on the old map, from the high road leading north. It seems to have been a narrow lane, and all the region round it was quite different. The site of the new chapel was part of a field. There were waste places, rough and marshy, beyond.

<sup>1</sup> I was told, by the way, that at the opening, a relative of our friend Mr. Shepherd, who has been for so many years at the Book Room, stood with a collection-plate at one side of the door, and the famous Thomas Olivers, who wrote the hymn, “The God of Abraham praise,” held a plate at the other side.

Finsbury Square had only just come into existence. John Nelson had wrought on the stonework built into the tall, patrician houses. Dr. Osborn once pointed out to me several houses on the side of Finsbury Square nearest to the chapel on which he said John Nelson had worked. Mr. George J. Stevenson tells how Joseph Sutcliffe, walking arm-in-arm with him across the Square, declared that that was the spot on which the mighty stonemason fought his last battle. His opponent was a man known as the "Essex Giant." The giant did his utmost to aggravate Nelson into a fight. At last, to oblige him, the parson-mason suddenly seized the fellow by the belt of his breeches, hoisted him up in sight of the wondering crowd, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, and dropped him at his feet. Finsbury Circus was part of Lower Moorfields, and was probably the last place in London, at all events in Moorfields, which John Wesley used for open-air preaching.

The Corporation of the City of London, from whom the site was taken on a lease of fifty-six years, had no faith in Wesley's power to build a chapel worthy of the neighbourhood. They stipulated, therefore, that the front part of the great site should be covered with shops or houses, and that only through an archway should the public see what they assumed would be an ugly, barnlike building. Wesley's House was to have been one of these screens to the "New Foundry," as it is sometimes called in the Journals. Dr. Osborn told me that his mother used to tell how she went in the early morning, with a horn lantern, over rough or marshy places to the Foundry services. Fortunately the Corporation found itself in difficulties at the rear of the site, and Mr. Tooth had the good sense to seize the opportunity, and, by some little give and take, secured an alteration in the covenants. To this circumstance we are indebted for the fact that Wesley's Chapel has always been open to the public eye. The house on the other side of the quadrangle was not built until the early part of the present century.



I need scarcely say that the foundations both of chapel and house were as bad as they could well be. Resting practically on piles or baulks of timber, the drainage of the old moorlands led to decay. Enormous expense was incurred six years ago at the restoration of the chapel. A similar experience had visited Mr. Westerdale, with the pains and penalties of additional outlay in the case of Wesley's House. The whole structure will now be absolutely safe.

Two incidents have come down to us, one of which is of some importance, because it fixes beyond any possibility of doubt the room which John Wesley occupied ordinarily as his bedroom.

On Saturday, December 30, in the year 1780, John Wesley writes in his Journal: "Waking between one and two in the morning, I observed a bright light shine upon the chapel. I easily concluded that there was a fire near, probably in the adjoining timber-yard (Mr. Tooth's). If so, I knew it would soon lay us in ashes. I first called all the family to prayer. Then, going out, we found the fire about one hundred yards off, and had broke out while the wind was south. But a sailor cried out, 'Avast! avast! the wind is turned in a moment.' So it did, to the west, while we were at prayer, and so drove the flames from us. We then thankfully returned; and I rested well the residue of the night."

The next day was Sunday, the last day of the year, and he says, "We renewed our covenant with God. We had the largest company that I ever remember, . . . and the greatest blessing. Several either received a sense of the pardoning love of God, or power to love Him with all their hearts."

And the next day being Monday, and the first day of a new year, "We began as usual the service at four in the morning."

At the close of the year 1784, "At three in the morning (he says) two or three men broke into our house through the kitchen window. Thence they came up into the



FURNITURE USED BY MR. WESLEY, NOW IN HIS HOUSE, NO. 47, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

# WESLEY RELICS.



parlour and broke into Mr. Moore's bureau, where they found two or three pounds; the night before I had prevented him leaving there £70 which he had just received (ticket money<sup>1</sup>). They next broke open the cupboard and took away some silver spoons. Just at this time the alarm, which Mr. Moore had set by mistake for half-past three (instead of four), went off, as it usually did, with a thundering noise. At this the thieves ran away with all speed, though their work was not done, and the whole damage which we sustained scarce amounted to £6."

Wesley's House in City Road, like the Foundery, was also the home of most of the London preachers. It was a curious community life, rendered necessary, in part, by the stern pressure of poverty. Everything had to be done in the most economical way possible. Wesley himself only occupied the three rooms on the first floor. He ruled the whole household, however, and ruled it as he ruled the Conference and the whole of Methodism. Here is a significant entry under date, Sunday, September 9, 1787: "I went down at half an hour past five this morning, but found no preacher in the chapel, though we had three or four in the house." (From the minutes of the Conference we may infer that these were Dr. Coke, Mr. Creighton, Samuel Bradburn, and John Atlay.) "So I preached myself. On inquiring why none of my family attended the morning preaching, I was answered, 'Because they sat up late.' I therefore ordered that (1) everyone under my roof should go to bed at nine, that (2) everyone might attend the morning preaching."

Much has been said and surmised respecting John Wesley's death. We know that the front room on the first floor was the living room, and the back room the bedroom. The bedstead, we are told, in the late Percival Bunting's Life of his father, passed into the possession of Dr. Bunting. What has become of it now I do not know. The little room behind is known to us as his praying-chamber. It is impossible to believe that he died in his

<sup>1</sup> The "class pence" they seem to have given to the poor.

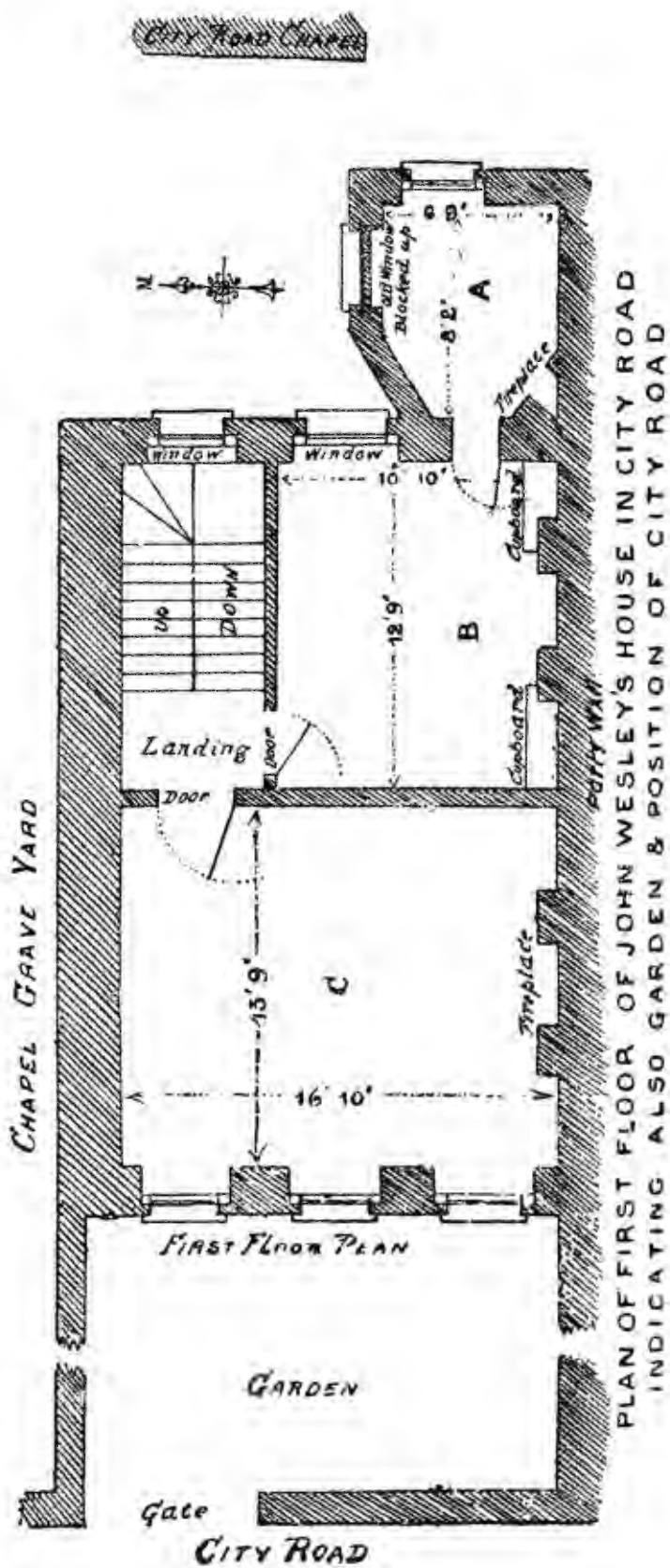
own bedroom. One does not very well see how so many friends as we know to have been present could have been packed into so narrow a space. But Sir Henry Fowler, who lived in the house, and whose father knew at least one of the persons present at the death, says unhesitatingly that he died in the front room. This was the universal tradition in his father's time.

We must not attach too much importance to the picture. The artist has taken large licence, inserting clergy in full canonicals, and Sally Wesley in evening dress. Moreover, there is a window which does not exist in any room in the house. Betsey Ritchie's account is unquestionably accurate, and she says that eleven persons, whom she names, were present.

At the Conference of 1790, James Rogers and his wife, Hester Ann Rogers, were appointed to take charge of the Preachers' House at City Road. Mrs. Rogers unhappily was too frail to preside over a house so busy, and in which during five months of the year the aged Father of Methodism lived. Two months before his death John Wesley begged that Miss Ritchie, who was then about thirty-nine years, of age, and well known and greatly honored throughout Methodism, would come and assist Mrs. Rogers. The wish of her "dear father," as she always called him, was law to Betsey. She went, and never left him till she closed his eyes in death.

Her story of the final scenes in the great life is one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing in Methodist literature. It was republished *in extenso*, as sent to all the preachers, in *Homes and Haunts of John Wesley*, one of the Book Room's Centenary volumes.

One incident in the account has special interest in relation to the "last pen," which visitors may see on the wall of Wesley's Chapel preachers' vestry. Miss Ritchie says the dying saint called for a pen. When Bradford brought the pen—probably this same little quill pen—and put it into Wesley's hand, he could not use it. Miss Ritchie asked what he wanted to write, could she not





write it for him? "Nothing," he replied, "only God is with us."

When, still later, he tried to speak and failed, he mustered all his strength and cried aloud, "The best of all is, God is with us."

When the end came, and "Betsey" had closed his eyes, she cut a lock of silvery hair from the old man's head. Part of the hair, with a hundred and sixty of Miss Ritchie's letters, is in the possession of Mr. George Stampe, of Grimsby, and part she herself gave to Dr. Bunting's son, William Maclardie Bunting, who had it made into a turquoise engaged ring for Miss Bentley when she promised to be his wife. Mrs. Bunting gave the ring to the wife of the writer of this article.

But far and above all these relics, intensely interesting and precious as they may be, I think of the house and its history, of the man and his manner of life, and there come to me out of the long past the words of the dear Lord whom Wesley loved with so passionate a devotion, and served with extraordinary zeal, "Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples."

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## The Associations of Wesley's House.

BY THE REV. J. S. SIMON.



Mr. Chairman, Mr. Ex-President, and my dear Friends,—I am glad that places have been found in this great celebration for representatives of the city of Bristol. My friend, Mr. Curnock, is a Bristolian, and I have lived so long in Bristol that I number myself among its citizens. John Wesley had a special affection for Bristol. The city and its neighbourhood were connected with some of the most remarkable episodes in his life.



It was there that he commenced preaching "in the fields"; it was there he built his first chapel; it was there that the Society was divided into classes; it was there that he enjoyed the fellowship of some of his best loved friends. Bristol stands in intimate relation to the pathetic incident which we commemorate to-day. John Wesley had intended to be in Bristol on Wednesday, March 2, 1791. In passing, may I point out that by a curious coincidence we are holding this celebration in a year when the day of the week and the month run together as they did in the year John Wesley died. Well, sir, on Wednesday, March 2, 1791, the great evangelist had arranged to be in Bristol. He had sent on his chaise and horses to the city, and he had taken places for himself and his companion in the Bath coach. But his intention remained unfulfilled. A little before ten o'clock on that Wednesday morning he died. I was thinking of that fact just now when you, Mr. Chairman, were speaking. As the hand of the clock approached the hour of ten, my thoughts flew to Wesley's House, and I pictured the solemn scene. I am glad that Bristol finds a voice to-day in our Christian festival.

When the building of Wesley's Chapel and House was first contemplated, it was taken for granted that the country Methodists would assist in their erection. There is an interesting circular letter written by Wesley on October 18, 1776, which leaves no doubt on that point. In this letter he says that the chapel and "the large houses in front" would, at a very moderate computation, cost upwards of six thousand pounds. And he reminds the persons to whom the letter is addressed that, for upwards of thirty years, the Society at London had given assistance to their brethren in various parts of England; and then he shows that a time had come when the London Methodists stood in need of assistance themselves. "Now help the *parent* Society," he cries, "which has helped others, for so many years, so willingly and so largely. *Now* help *me*, who account this as a kindness done to myself, perhaps, the last of this sort which I shall ask of

you." I have no doubt that the response was generous. Sir, we who come from the country have a special interest in the City Road Chapel and House, and our presence here to-day is a sign that our interest is vital and enduring.

I have been asked to speak upon the "Associations of Wesley's House," and I shall confine my remarks to events which occurred during the lifetime of John Wesley. Mr. Curnock has brought many interesting facts before us. He reminded us, you will remember, of the visit of the burglars on Saturday, November 20, 1784. May I throw a side light upon that unwelcome intrusion? If you will examine the City Road Society Book for the year just named, you will find, under the date December 6—that is, about a fortnight after the burglary—this item—"Chain for dog, two shillings." Does this jotting reveal the worldly wisdom of some astute man who had found out the secret of defending a "lone house" from the burglar's attack?

In the month of December, 1783, looking into Wesley's House, I find that he is entertaining a visitor from the country. His visitor is a man possessing an air of distinction. We know that he has been educated at Cambridge, and that he is the owner of an estate in Lincolnshire. He has come to London from Raithby Hall, described by Wesley as "a palace in the midst of a paradise." Mr. Stampe will know his name. He is Robert Carr Brackenbury; a man of gentle spirit, remarkable modesty, profound spirituality, and conspicuous zeal in the cause of Christ. What is he doing in Wesley's House? The answer reveals a trait in John Wesley's character which is often overlooked. Some men who have attempted to depict John Wesley have described him as a kind of military martinet, who ruled his societies with a rod of iron. I cannot recognise him in these gruesome sketches. He has been the companion of my thoughts for thirty years. I have read much about him in books and pamphlets and the literature of the period, and my ideal Wesley is altogether unspoiled by sourness

of visage and tartness of word. He is a very perfect gentleman, with a tender heart, a helpful hand, a winsome smile, a bright humour, and a playful wit that is as harmless as the lightning that shimmers in the summer sky. I have noticed that when calamity befell his friends, he had a kindly way of alluring them from the scene of their sorrow, and of energising them by the refreshing influence of travel and of useful work. Robert Carr Brackenbury's presence in the City Road House is a proof of Wesley's womanly tenderness. A few months before he had lost his young and beloved wife, and Wesley induced him to travel with him, and brought him to London, in order that the darkened scene might be veiled by the haze of distance. Let us watch these two men for a moment. Wesley is holding two letters in his hand. He has scanned them with keen eyes. One is from a soldier. It has been written, probably, in a noisy barrack-room. It has come from Jersey, and is signed "Thomas Millar." The other letter bears the signature "Jasper Winscomb," and is from Winchester. The burden of both letters is the same. Corporal Millar beseeches Winscomb to secure a Methodist preacher for Jersey, and Winscomb presses the request upon the attention of Wesley. Is not this an acute sentence in Winscomb's letter?—"It appears to me, if you can send a preacher acquainted with the French tongue, it will open a door, perhaps, much farther than those islands." And now there is a rustle of paper, for Wesley has handed the letters to his guest. It is a moment big with fate! The silence is broken by Brackenbury. "Here am I, send me!" he says, with the strength and simplicity of a Christian hero. A little later a service was held in the chapel; and, amidst the prayers of the people, the Lincolnshire squire was set apart for his mission. It was a wonderful success; and the success of Methodism in the Channel Islands led to the fulfilment of Jasper Winscomb's prophecy, for out of it sprang our work in France.

In February, 1784, we are permitted to look upon

another remarkable scene. We enter John Wesley's study. It is the picture of neatness. Henry Moore, describing it, says: "In his chamber and study, during his winter months of residence in London, I never observed that a book was misplaced, or even a scrap of paper left unheeded." We can imagine his distress of mind when his brother Charles, short-sighted and blundering, bustled into this calm retreat, tilting against a table and scattering its contents over the floor. But in the scene which is now before us, there is no confused noise. Wesley's companion in his study is easily recognised by all who are familiar with the faces and figures of the "Makers of Methodism." A broad-shouldered little alert man, with eager eyes which seem to look upon the world's "blue distances." His suppressed restlessness is evident. Wesley, Henry Moore tells us, "seemed at home in every place, settled, satisfied, and happy." To-day, however, he is troubled about some unsolved problem. Listening to the two voices in the study, we find out the cause of his care. America is upon his heart. The poor, scattered sheep are wandering shepherdless in the wilderness, and catastrophe is threatening work which promised to be unusually prosperous. He would fain cross the Atlantic himself and bishop the imperilled societies; but that is impossible. He has thought out a scheme whereby the danger may be averted. It is that he shall ordain as a "Superintendent" for America a minister in whom he has confidence. He thinks that by such a measure the work of God would be conserved. Then, turning to his companion, he imparts to him his intention of so ordaining him. That conversation bore fruit. On September 2, 1784, in Wesley's study in the "New Room in the Horsefair," Bristol, John Wesley ordained Dr. Coke as a Superintendent of the Methodist Societies in America; and by that act he created a new ecclesiastical system, the system which now finds its expression in the many-millioned Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

It is impossible to quit Wesley's study without a word concerning the work which he accomplished in it. The modern student may well ponder this picture. In the month of September 1786, at five o'clock in the morning, Wesley, an old man in his eighty-fourth year, is busy writing the life of his friend John Fletcher. To this work he dedicated all the time he could spare till November. His working hours were from five in the morning till eight at night. With a simplicity that chastens us, he says: "These are my studying hours; I cannot write longer in a day without hurting my eyes."

It would be unpardonable to omit all reference to the visits of Charles Wesley to his brother's house. The poet was accustomed to ride over to the City Road from Marylebone on "a little horse grey with age." We can see him thrusting a card into his pocket before mounting his steed. It is a summer day, but he is clothed as for the depth of winter. Now the pony ambles along discreetly. But the reins drop. The card is out of the pocket, and the pencil tracing its quick shorthand scribbles swiftly. The pony stops at the gate of Wesley's House; the horseman alights; and, to the horror of Henry Moore who is looking out of the window, the steed is turned into the garden to browse upon the preacher's flowers. Charles Wesley opens the door and enters the house, crying out, "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!" These being supplied, he extends his shorthand notes. The hymn finished, he wakens up to the light of common day. Seeing those who are present, he salutes them with much kindness, asks after their health, and then gives out a hymn which all sing. We can hear the melody of his favourite verse, upon these occasions, floating from those distant times—

"There all the ship's company meet  
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,  
With shouting each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er trouble and death.  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past;  
The age that in heaven they spend  
For ever and ever shall last."

The hymns written by Charles Wesley in the City Road house were specially designed for "condemned malefactors." His interest in these unhappy persons never failed. In the three or four last years of his life he frequently visited the prisoners in Newgate who were under sentence of death. He became acquainted with Mr. Villette, the Ordinary, who gave him full liberty to pursue his benevolent work. He often preached "the condemned sermon." Henry Moore says: "I attended him upon one of those occasions, and witnessed, with feelings which I cannot describe, the gracious tenderness of his heart. I saw the advantage of proclaiming the Gospel to those who knew they were soon to die, and who felt that they had greatly sinned." He adds: "He composed many hymns, most strikingly suited to their unhappy condition; and used to come to the Chapel-house in the City Road, and, after reading those hymns to us, he used to call us to unite in prayer for these outcasts of men. When we arose, . . . he would ask, 'Can you *believe*?' And, upon our answering, 'Yes, sir,' he would flourish his hand over his head, and cry out, 'We shall have them all!' and immediately hasten away to the cells to hold out life to the dead." On this day, when we especially think of John Wesley, let us not forget that the house in City Road also enshrines the memory of his brother. I cannot recall him without thinking of Samuel Bradburn's memorable words concerning him: "He never was known to say anything in commendation of himself, and never was at a loss for something good to say of his Divine Master."

In the beginning of 1789 we see a man making his way up the City Road with a big book under his arm. He pauses at Wesley's House. To his disappointment he finds that John Wesley is not at home—that he has left London on his way to Ireland. Being invited to enter, he does so, and for an hour converses with Henry Moore, and the other members of Wesley's "family." The conversation was about former times. It appears that

the visitor first heard John Wesley preach when he was in Bedfordshire. He well recollected the sermon. It was the first discourse that made a deep impression upon his mind. The text was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Let us listen to his voice. "I have but one thing to do, and I strive to do it with my might. The Lord has taken away whatsoever might be an encumbrance. All places are alike to me, for I find misery in all." Rising to go, he says, "Present my respects and love to Mr. Wesley. Tell him, I hoped to have seen him once more. Perhaps we may meet again in this world, but if not, we shall meet, I trust, in a better." Henry Moore, in describing the scene, says, "We hung upon his lips delighted. Such a picture of love, simplicity, and cheerfulness we have seldom seen. Taking his leave, he observed, 'I have gained, I think, a little knowledge concerning the plague. I shall, therefore, after visiting the Russian camp, pass into the Turkish, and from thence by Constantinople to Egypt.' So he proposed, his heart being enlarged with the love of God and man. But while this angel of mercy was ministering to the sons of war in the hospital of the Russian camp, God said, 'It is enough: come up hither. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'" You will have recognised this visitor to Wesley's House. The sacredness of that house is increased by the fact that for an hour John Howard rested beneath its roof. "Place a sundial on my grave and let me be forgotten." Such was his direction concerning his monument. The prison wall touched with the light of hope is his sundial; his monument is built in the hearts of the people of England.

I must bring my remarks to a close, but I cannot do so without directing your thoughts to the solemn event which we now commemorate. I will make no attempt to describe that scene. John Wesley's words are in my ears, and they have the force of a command—"Pray and praise." The last hymn he gave out in City Road Chapel was,



DEATHBED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.  
*(From the Painting by Marshall Claxton).*





"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," and his death-chamber was haunted with its echoes. It is our privilege to continue Wesley's thanksgiving, and to cry, "The best of all is, God is with us." Without dwelling upon the circumstances of Wesley's last sickness, may I be permitted to correct a mistake which may easily be made by those who try to realise the scene in the death-chamber from the well-known picture? We presume that the artist meant to depict the group about Wesley's bed at the time when he actually passed away. If so, he has fallen into an error. In Miss Ritchie's *Authentic Narrative* she gives a list of those who were present in the room, "kneeling around his bed," at ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, March 2, 1791. Here it is: Miss Wesley, Mr. Horton, Mr. Brackenbury, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. Whitehead, Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Bradford, and Miss Ritchie. Mr. Tyerman says that Mr. Rogers' little son was also present. You will remember that the painter of the picture to which I have referred places a clergyman on either side of the bed. One of them, with uplifted hand, is offering the commendatory prayer. I do not wish to say anything to-day which will be out of harmony with the true "catholic spirit," but, in the interests of historic truth, I must remind you that no clergyman was present at that pathetic and triumphant scene. It was after Joseph Bradford, "his faithful friend and most affectionate son," had prayed with him that Wesley's last "farewell" was uttered. He was surrounded by his "family" when he died. He belonged to the Methodist people during his life, they ministered to him in death, and now he has become their possession for ever.

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## Dr. Parker in Wesley's Pulpit.

*"O Lord God of Israel, why is this come to pass in Israel, that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel?"—JUDGES xxi. 3.*



This inquiry represents the spirit of the whole Bible. That is all that I have to say. What may be added will be but the multiplication of words. That is the sermon. The spirit of this inquiry is the spirit of the whole Bible. It is indeed not so much an inquiry as a wail, a burst of sorrow, a realised disunion, a shattered kinship. Israel was meant to be foursquare—twelve, without flaw, vital at every point a noble integrity. Benjamin is threatened with extinction, Benjamin is not in the house of God, Bethel, a city literally, but a sanctuary spiritually, and Benjamin is outside. Men should not take these facts with indifference. I have no faith in your indifferent piety, in your piety that can allow any man to be outside, and never ask a question about him or send a message to him. That is not Christianity. From the first, Benjamin was a little one, having only some thirty or forty thousand fighting men, a figure that went for nothing in the numbering of old Israel, and over a very delicate and difficult question he came into collision with the rest of Israel. He was alone, and after an almost superhuman resistance he was overborne, all but extirpated, and he went away and hid himself some four months in the rock Rimmon, the inviolable rock of the pomegranate, and there he took account of himself. How many am I? Thousands fell, and thousands more; eighteen thousand fell, all men of valour, over against Gibeah towards the sun-rising, and we are now dwindled into some six hundred men,

and nobody cares for us, and nobody seeks us out. Wait a moment. Perhaps at that very time all Israel was saying, "Are we all here? All but Benjamin. And why is Benjamin not here? O Lord God of Israel, why is this come to pass in Israel, that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel?" But you are eleven! Yes. What of one? What of one? "What man of you, having a hundred sheep, and one of them being gone astray, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after the one that is lost, until he find it?" If they had said so, they would have but anticipated the Good Shepherd, the Joseph who shall set the twelve tribes in order before Him.

Thrice repeated—that is the way of the dear old Scriptures. Whenever the proper name is repeated, the repetition is the sign of concern, solicitude, anxiety: "Martha, Martha"; "Simon, Simon"; "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem"—the same pathos. "O Lord God of Israel, why is this come to pass in Israel, that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel?" We see from Bethel what we never saw from the battlefield. Israel is now in what the context calls the House of God, Bethel literally, and mayhap it was meant to signify the city rather than the four walls and roof, what we call the sanctuary. But a city may be a church; Bethel may be more than a geographical name. Blessed be they who thrust out these walls, and set them against the horizon of infinity. Until you have seen the world from the House of God you have never seen it. There are many persons who are talking long speeches, columns long, about Councils and conditions and situations, circumstances and environments, and making quite a loud, long tale about what they do not understand. You have never seen man till you have seen him from the Cross. Keep up the Church. That is the specular tower—that is the point of vision. Until you have seen the world religiously you have not seen it, you twaddling, tinkering, niggling reformer. We have never seen the condition

of the world until we have seen it from the sanctuary, from the House of God, with the Bible wide open before us, and the invoked Spirit hovering above us and inspiring us with heavenly sagacity and sympathy and interest in the world's affairs.

Now you can look at this text as a Sentiment, a Discipline, and an Encouragement. 1. A sentiment. Why? Is not this the human aspect of the solicitude of God's heart? In this respect as well as in others is man made after the image and likeness of God. In all such emotion there is a suggestion infinite in scope and tenderness, a suggestion of humility, family completeness, absolute unselfishness, redemption, forgiveness, reconstruction, everlasting joy, the gathered fractions consolidated into an everlasting integer. But you will have that lost man. There is, of course, a sentiment which some of you are young enough to despise. There is a sentiment which may be spurious. It may be a sentiment minus all intelligence, intellectual vigour, and all that is noblest in the mind, but that should not blind us to the fact that there is another sentiment, another emotion, without which we can never begin to know what is the unfathomable and unknowable love of God! When we feel most truly we see most clearly. "Let there be light." Where do I read that? In Genesis. I have told my hearers these fifty years that everything is in Genesis and everything is in the first verse of the Bible—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The implications of that verse are total, complete, immeasurable. "Where art thou, Adam?" when Adam came before Him, no longer in the fearless joy of innocence. "Where is thy brother?" when Cain came before Him in criminal loneliness. And rather than Israel should be lost, the biggest heart in all the host said, "Blot me, I pray Thee, out of the Book of Life." And Paul, that marvellous compound of Moses and Christ, honouring the majesty of the law, as he always did, yet feeling its weakness in the presence of sin, did he not tremble under the same emotion? He

says, "I am in continual sorrow." Great heavens! what is the matter? It is not enough for him that the forces of the Gentiles are moving towards the Cross, that from Midian, Ephah, and Sheba, men are rising to show forth the praises of the Lord. It is not enough that the flocks of Kedar and the rams of Nebaioth shall be an acceptable sacrifice. Not enough; what more do you want? "I could wish myself accursed; anathema from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that Israel might be saved. But see how the doves are flocking to the windows! I know, I know: beautiful! delightful! Thank God for it, but"—and who is it that speaks thus? I would know this man. "I am of the seed of Israel." What tribe? Ah, what tribe? Hush! You want music now—not the blare of the organ, but the whisper of the harp. "Of the tribe of Benjamin." Why, that is the tribe that is lacking in the text. Yes. Thus history rolls round in ennobled and amplified repetition and variety—evolution unimaginable in vastness and variety. He is of the tribe of Benjamin. In Judges all Israel mourns that Benjamin was lacking. In the Romans Benjamin mourns that all Israel is away. He is in the wilderness of disobedience—in the wilderness of unbelief—who ought to have been a prince in the House of God. When you lose your compassion, dissolve yourselves, and dedicate no more houses. If you have lost your tears, you have lost your Christianity. If you have lost concern for India, New Guinea, and the islands far away, shut the doors; get some scribe to write up the word Ichabod!

There is, then, what may be called a distinct unity of emotion—call it pity, solicitude, compassion, or by any other equal term—running through the whole Bible. The Bible varies a good deal in historical and even moral colour, but it never varies in pity, love, and mercy. From the first God loved man with atoning and redeeming love. He loved the sinner before he sinned. The Lamb was

“slain before the foundation of the world.” There can be no history so old as love. Marvellous and instructive as is the development of Bible history, it changes page by page, now barbarous, now gentle; here an altar, there a commandment; yonder a ritual, and far off an experience, full of confusion and riot and tragedy; but in all the infinite tumult God looks after the sinner, the wanderer, with longing love; pursues him; pleads with him—“Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?”

“Cries, How shall I give thee up?  
Lest the lifted thunder drop.”

And when you have ceased to be compassionate and become intellectual—Begone! We want pity, tenderness, solicitude, anxiety, tears. That you will find in the Bible. This emotion begins the Book, ends the Book, and stirs the Book like the throb of an infinite heart. We want all the genius, all the poetry, all the letters; we want them and welcome them all if they will be servants in the house of God, and help us in the expression of an inexpressible pity—a contradiction in words, a harmony in experience.

Now, I want you to go with me. I see there are several Ex-Presidents on the list. I do not know whether they are here or not; but I see quite a number of brethren who can amazingly help me at this point of my discourse, and they will not, I am sure, refuse my plea. It is that we all go out and cover, as it were, the whole face of the Bible, and gather what we can of the flowers of Divine pity and mercy, and love and compassion and tenderness and tears and heartache for the sake of man. I challenge you—graciously and lovingly challenge you—to find one bare place in all the area of the Book. Let us try it. In Eden there is a promise; in the wilderness there is a tabernacle—a mercy-seat. In Genesis—my dear old field, where I have lived all my time, there is “a covenant.” In Malachi there is “a book of remembrance.”

In Exodus "the Lord keeps mercy for thousands, and forgives iniquity, transgression, and sin." In Numbers there will be nothing! Yes, in Numbers "the Lord is long-suffering and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression." Why, what more could He do on Calvary? And that in Numbers, which you thought a bare place! In Judges, "The Lord is grieved for the misery of Israel." In Samuel, when the avenging angel had gone forth He recalled the angel, and "let the lifted thunder drop." But Chronicles—they will be all details, annals. There will be nothing, I think, in the Chronicles. Will there not? In the Chronicles, God says, "If His people will seek His face and turn away from their wicked ways, He will hear them from heaven. He will forgive their sins. He will heal their land." And as for the Psalms. What need we say of them, or of Isaiah or Jeremiah or Ezekiel? They are golden with the love of God. And Daniel—apocalyptic Daniel—says, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against Him." In Hosea God heals the backsliding of His people, and loves them freely. Joel! We must omit Joel, that volcano of the Old Testament. No! Why not? Because there is a great blooming flower in the very middle of his hot slopes. What says he? "God is gracious and merciful." That in Joel—that where the furnace is hottest. Go, gather it, and show it to your people when you preach. Jonah! We shall get something out of Jonah in his fretting, in his offended sensitiveness, and vanity, and pride, which we could not get in his stiller moods. He says, "God is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness. I knew it would come to this! I knew it! He has sent me to denounce Nineveh—sent me to proclaim the great doom, and I knew that His mercy was greater than His wrath!" And Paul was quite unable to express himself, though he was apostle of the Gentiles, until he got hold of his old instrument the Hebrew tongue. Paul was the most Old Testament man in the New Testament. He speaks of



God being rich in mercy, forbearing, long-suffering. Paul was in very deed a Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the tribe of Benjamin. Yes, he said, I know I am going to Gentile lands, and to speak in more or less alien or classic tongues; I know, but before I go I am going to say a word to these my people: "And when they heard that he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue"—The gospel talks all tongues. Why did he speak in the Hebrew tongue? He thought the mother-tongue might fetch them. A great saint was dying down in Hastings; many great men about him, speaking great words no doubt, and wise words. But when they were done he said, "Sing me one of the bairns' hymns." You do not know that word in London, but you are not all from London, I hope. Bairns—"Sing me one of the children's hymns—one of the hymns the little folks sing." So he got back to the mother-tongue, and it was Paul's tongue twice over, for when he was approaching Damascus a voice said to him in the Hebrew tongue, "I am Jesus." When he spoke in the presence of Agrippa he did not tell Agrippa that there were only ten or eleven tribes. No; he said, There are twelve tribes. Agrippa might have said, "But, sir, have you not lost some of them?" No. Even James, a man without poetry, a church without a spire, wrote his letter to the Twelve Tribes—twelve though scattered abroad—no scattering can kill the household of faith.

" ' If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.'

' Nay, Master! we are seven.' "

Now is it possible for any tribe to be lacking—to for ever become extinct? Where, for example, is the tribe of Dan? It disappeared beyond record in the 1st Chronicles, and is not named in the Apocalypse, but its few thousand members amalgamated with some other tribe, say, with this very tribe of Benjamin. Yet even in the Apocalypse the number of the tribes is twelve, twelve foundations, and twelve gates and twelve pearls. Five

the symbolic number of the Tabernacle; twelve the predominant number of the Temple. And we may be absentees, but God's house shall be filled. Now that is the text as a sentiment. A great moan, a most tender, passionate, evangelistic feeling.

But, from another point of view, how different the text is! This high feeling has also a disciplinary aspect. When Deborah sang her triumphant song, she disclosed the sterner aspect of this case. She mentioned the absentees by name, and consigned them to the withered immortality of oblivion. Their names are here, but what are they? "Why should there," said that mother heart, "why should there have been one tribe lacking on that day of the battle? Why?" "Reuben remained among the sheepfolds" and listened to the bleatings of his flock when he ought to have answered the call of the trumpet, and helped to repulse the nine hundred chariots of Sisera. "The Lord will have hold of him yet." And in her exultant and tempestuous soprano she blows him away. For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart, for the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart. Why was he lacking on that day? He was preoccupied; he sent promises, but he remained at home among the flocks when he ought to have been serving with the army. Oh, these prior engagements, these domestic excuses, these parliaments and councils and other engagements that prevent our being at the war. When Deborah, the mother-heart, shall stand up again in Israel, she will name such Reubens and brand them. And Gilead abode beyond Jordan, and Dan was concealed in ships, and Asher peeped from behind the creeks and wondered how the war was going on. Is it not so with you? Do not hinder your fellow-soldiers if you cannot help them. Any fool can do mischief. Stupidity can sneer at enthusiasm, and may remain away from the battle. Do you think that is going to interfere with the success of these great

evangelistic movements and missionary movements? We may remain at home, looking out upon the velvet lawn, and admiring the beauties of nature. And looking at a garden we may say, The world is not so bad a place after all—garden being one term and world another. And these people call themselves logicians! They are a very cultured sort. They look at a garden and comment upon the world. Oh, sirs, hear me, an old soldier of the Cross. We may be disloyal, we may turn our arms over to the enemy, but we shall be dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, and the Lord shall have the honour of His wounds, and His kingdom shall prevail over all.

There is a lacking, or an absence, which affects great indignation because it has not been sent for. Do you know nothing about that? You do! People back for a space that they may see whether they will be missed! You have heard of these men! They say, "We are just waiting to see whether a circular will be sent to us. One has been sent next door, and we are simply waiting to see." You are not! You are grieving the Spirit of God. Now, there was a tribe in old Israel who tried this trick in three instances, but I think the third was the last. Once Gideon overthrew the Midianites, and held in his one hand the head of Prince Oreb, and in his other hand the head of Prince Zeeb. The Ephraimites chided him severely because they were not sent for—they would have been very glad to have held somebody's dead head in their hands—very glad—and the deader the head the better, and the more pleased they would be to engage themselves in that delightful instance and exemplification of valour. It was the trick of Ephraim. They tried it once upon the son of the harlot of Gilead. Ephraim said to Jephthah, "When thou passedst over to fight against the children of Ammon, why didst thou not call on us to go with thee?" One can be valorous the day after the fight. When all is dead and gone they say, "Why were not we sent for?" And Jephthah

was a bold and plain-spoken man—base-born, but he could not help that—but the Spirit of the Lord was in him, and the wrath of the Divine fire burned in his bones, and he said, I will tell you. “Ephraim, hear me ; I did once send for you and you did not come.” “You did not come, and now that you are trying this stale trick upon others, I will put an end to you ; at least to a considerable extent,” and that day he choked the passages of the Jordan with the carcasses of forty-two thousand Ephraimites. So there are two kinds of lacking—a lacking that excites pity and emotion and compassion, and a lacking that excites indignation. For ever it shall be said of Ephraim, “Ephraim being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle.” “Cast him out, for he came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.” Good in archery, he might have done wonders with his bow and arrow ; but he turned back in the day of battle ; and he said if he had known about it, if he had only known, he would have been there first. If they had only known about the great scheme for raising a million pounds for Methodism to begin another century—if they had only known about it ! “When saw we Thee an hungred, or athirst, or sick, or in prison”—when ? “And these shall go away into everlasting punishment.” “My soul, enter thou not into their secret.” Find opportunities. Be on the alert for chances. Watch ; thou knowest not when the enemy may come, or the Lord. Be faithful. Remember that Christianity is a battlefield as well as a contemplation and doctrine. Is the whole fighting strength of the Church on the field ? Are any enjoying delights of civilisation who ought to be taking part in the war ? Any in Lombard Street who ought to be in New Guinea ! We are all needed. There is room for all—for genius and wealth and knowledge, for age, for youth. Come,

“ Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.”

Now, we are looking at the text as a discipline, but we may look at it next and finally as an Encouragement. Some are no longer in the battle, yet they are not lacking in the sense of the text. They are not here—they are here. Even the mighty David waxed faint. He was but seventy when he died. When I say “but seventy,” do I not speak carelessly. What, a seventy! When he tottered under his weakness in one of his closing battles he nearly fell. In one of his closing battles there was a Philistine who had a sword, and was pressing the king most heavily, and it was going badly with King David. The Philistine was hard upon him; hard upon him who slew the lion and the bear and the giant of Gath; hard upon him who made Jerusalem rich with the golden shields of Hadadezer; and the loyal captains rushed to falling David, and got around him and said, “Thou shalt go out with us no more to the battle, that thou quench not the light of Israel,” and they stood up as iron might stand, and to the foe they said, “God save the king,” and to David they said—they whispered—“You shall not go with us any more to the battle, that thou quench not the light of Israel.” Henceforth he was to be lacking, yet not lacking. There is nothing in your “Minutes” that affects me so much as this line, “Who this year become supernumeraries?” I do not mean supernumeraries for twelve months, or for a little or indefinite time through which a man’s heart may carry him; but “Who shall go out no more to the battle?” They will be lacking, yet not lacking; absent, yet present. No more to the battle. My dear old septuagenarian or octogenarian, or whatever your age may be—no more to the battle. We would not say that to the enemy; but you shall go out to no more wars; you shall still be with us; you shall pray for us and help us in the council chamber, and give us the benefit of your rich experience; but no more to the battle. No, my old friends, we still have you, you are with us as reminiscences, examples, memories, inspirations. The Church would be poor but for its supernumeraries.

Unless you keep up this feeling your funds will languish. Mechanics can never keep up the Church. Pathos can. There are certain cultured and thoughtful ministers that have no Christ, no Cross, no Atoning Blood. What becomes of them? Ask the wind. When feeling dies, the ministry is dead. I know what I am speaking about. For these fifty years God has enabled me to do more through tenderness, sympathy, compassion, than He ever enabled me to do through my intellect. Keep your heart right, and nothing can keep it right but residence on Calvary. Who is it that sat up last night. "You say, 'The child was ill.'" "Yes." "Who was up—the doctor?" "The mother." The doctor was there, but the mother was last. It was love that kept awake the longest. We are told by a great traveller in tropical South Africa of a tribe who cannot count up to ten. But they count the oxen, and say, "They are all here." But how does the man know they are all there? He knows each by his face—the look, the eyes, the pathos. Looking over his oxen, he says, "Yes, yes, yes; all here, all here." We must know our people by face, as it were, and in the great providence of God know that we are not numbers in a hostelry—we are faces at the table of the Father. Well, I am almost sick at heart. "I look round my table," says one; and says another, "My boys are not with me as they used to be. I miss them. They used to go with me to City Road or to the village chapel, but they are lacking now. O Lord God of Israel, why is my son lacking? He is taken up with a language I do not understand. I was trained very simply, believingly, in the great redeeming truths of the gospel, but he talks to me now in a language I cannot understand, and he no more sings the old hymns and goes to the dear old house of prayer. Lacking! Have you brought no word for me this morning?" Yes, I have a word for you. He may return. He is going through a very difficult process now; you know your son is a very prosperous man, and prosperity takes a good deal of chastening in order to remain

pious ; and your son is a great man—a great financier—he speculates and he wins, and he is wonderfully healthy, quite a giant in health, and all is going well with him, and of course he does not want a Wesleyan Methodist Hymn Book, and the old Wesleyan lovefeast, such as you had last night, he does not want that. No, he smiles at that. “Of course, my dear old father—I do not want to disturb him at all, you know, dear old gentleman—but you see I am not at all in that line of things now.” But he may return. I will tell you how he may return. He will have a little child, a sweet little girlie, and she will be the delight and sovereign of his heart, and when she is about five or six she will sicken, and in the deep dark night she will say to him, “Father, give me one long, long kiss,” and she will pass away ; and he will look round for some of his books. They will have nothing to say to him ; and he will alight upon an old, old Book, and he will read, “And Jesus called unto Him a little child” ; and he will read, “Suffer little children to come unto Me” ; and in secret and in darkness he will drop on his knees at the bedside, and angels will say, “Behold, he prayeth.” Adversity will do what prosperity cannot do. Loss will be gain. So he may return.

“When soon or late you reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
You may rejoice, no wanderer lost,  
A family in heaven.”

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## The Luncheon.

Luncheon, like breakfast, was served in the Morning Chapel, but tables had also to be laid in Benson's Buildings.

The following is a list of the principal guests:—

The President of the Conference	<i>Methodist Recorder</i> Representative
Rev. Marshall Hartley	Jabez Tasker
„ Chas. H. Kelly	G. K. Gossop
„ Dr. Rigg	Wm. Vanner
„ Dr. Jenkins	Wm. Pope
„ T. M'Cullagh	John Sidey
„ John Walton	R. A. Grieve
„ Dr. Stephenson	Thomas Atkinson
„ Walford Green	Harold G. Smith
„ Dr. Waller	Henry A. Blasdale
„ Dr. Randles	Glenn Wesley
„ Dr. Parker	R. W. Perks, M.P.
„ T. E. Westerdale	Ebenezer Parkes, M.P.
„ H. P. Hughes	Geo. Doughty, M.P.
„ N. Curnock	W. A. M'Arthur, M.P.
„ John S. Simon	John Bayley Lees
„ John Aldred	Mrs. J. Bayley Lees
„ Wm. Jackson	Mrs. and Miss Laugher
„ E. Lightwood Smith	J. B. Ingle
„ J. Cornelius Wright	Geo. W. Kilner
„ J. Willis Britton	John James Yeo
„ W. H. Groves	Alex. M'Arthur
„ Joshua Haigh	Mrs. A. M'Arthur
„ J. H. Cadman	Mrs. Wm. Gibson
„ Allen Rees	J. H. S. M'Arthur
„ Wm. Middleton	Arthur H. Kelly
„ Ralph M. Spoor	Ernest C. Kelly
„ David Roe	Miss Longden
„ John H. Grubb	Mrs. Dugdale
„ Robert Culley	Mrs. Wm. Bunting
„ Joseph Burrows	Peter Mercer
„ W. Humphries	David Calvert
„ E. T. Carrier	Mrs. David Calvert
„ J. G. Mantle	H. Pearson
„ F. J. Murrell	Henry Northcroft
Mrs. Watkinson	Wm. H. Reynolds
„ Charles H. Kelly	A. E. Robinson
„ and Miss Walford Green	John Peed
„ Westerdale	S. Hardy
„ Joseph Parker	Dr. Leonard Hine
„ Wm. Boulton	Edward Johnstone
„ Robinson	Wm. J. Marsh
„ W. H. Reynolds	John Waddington
„ E. T. Carrier	W. W. Berry and Friends
„ N. Curnock	Henry Holloway
Rt. Hon. Sir H. Fowler, G.C.S.I., M.P.	Thomas Holloway
Sir John Akerman	G. Borlase Hicks
Sir Clarence Smith	John R. Pease
Sir George J. Smith	Mrs. John R. Pease



John R. Pease, jun.  
 Herbert Morgan  
 Edw. Ensor Barnett  
 Alderman James Floyd  
 Edward R. Beecroft  
 Kirby Banks  
 Mrs. Booth  
 G. W. Thackrah  
 Ernest S. Holman  
 Joseph Isard  
 Mrs. W. P. Griffith  
 Miss Griffith  
 Isaac Clark Griffith  
 Mrs. I. C. Griffith  
 Miss Westerdale  
 Miss Hilda Westerdale  
 C. C. Wakefield  
 Henry Pigott  
 Llewellyn E. Camp  
 Wm. Henry Turner  
 Edward Munden  
 Job Caudwell  
 Miss Caudwell  
 J. Calvert Coates  
 James R. Kilner  
 Spencer Lawton  
 Mrs. Lawton  
 Joseph Beckett  
 Albert Scarfe  
 A. J. Mileson  
 James Burford  
 Robert Taylor  
 Ed. John Lowther  
 Josiah Gunton  
 R. W. Bryant  
 Mrs. H. J. Farmer Atkinson  
 John Holden, J.P.  
 Charles Early  
 H. B. Thorp  
 James Crowe  
 Charles Y. Hewitt  
 John Woolley  
 William Hunt  
 Mrs. Oliver  
 John Raynar  
 Mrs. John Raynar  
 Mrs. Scales  
 Arthur Baines  
 Mrs. Arthur Baines  
 W. Harold Baines  
 Robert Proctor

C. Timberlake  
 S. L. Williamson  
 Samuel Rigby  
 Harold Jenks  
 N. S. Hawks  
 Thomas Cole  
 Councillor John Bennett  
 H. M. Brooker  
 W. Vogel Goad  
 T. Hedges Deakin  
 William Buckley  
 M. H. Horsley  
 Thos. A. Page  
 Wm. Henry Tuck  
 Thomas Walker  
 Mrs. Thos. Walker  
 James F. Wilkinson  
 Thomas Davenport  
 Wm. A. H. Naylor  
 Mr. Bradford  
 John Blezard  
 Miss Tranter  
 Miss Adams  
 H. Howard  
 Wm. Champness  
 William Ransom  
 John Hinchcliff  
 Mrs. Griffiths  
 John Dennis Stead  
 William Hornsby  
 Charles W. Slater  
 Charles F. Hunt  
 Sidney Hill  
 Edwin Cannington  
 William Boulton  
 John Tweddle  
 Griffith Davies  
 Miss Stott  
 John King  
 Philip H. Chesters  
 Henry Bythway  
 Alfred P. Gibbons  
 John T. Warrington  
 Miss Wyburn  
 Thomas Boney  
 A. Greenhalgh  
 C. A. Morris  
 Mrs. C. A. Morris  
 J. Wilcox Edge  
 Matthew Dobson  
 Mrs. John T. Warrington

## The Chairman's Welcome.

The Rev. CHARLES H. KELLY presided, and in welcoming the guests said—

Mr. President, Mr. Ex-President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have been asked by the trustees of Wesley's Chapel, as treasurer of this Fund, to give a very hearty welcome to all our guests this day, and to the ladies and gentlemen who have come to our services, and came so magnificently to our help. I am to especially welcome you, Mr. President, in our midst, and I need not say how delighted we are to see you. We welcome Sir Henry Hartley Fowler for many reasons. This is especially a gathering of Methodists. Sir Henry is a Methodist; he is the son of a very distinguished Methodist minister who lived and died in Wesley's House. We are always glad to see the sons of the manse amongst us, and especially when they have from boyhood through life stuck to their principles and to their father's faith. We are glad to know Sir Henry Fowler is with us. He is the first Methodist who has ever had a seat in the Cabinet—not the first Methodist who has been a member of the Government; Sir William Atherton was another; not the only son or grandson of a Methodist preacher who has ever been in the Government, because even in the last Government there were at least two others who were the grandsons of Methodist preachers. We are very glad indeed to see Sir Henry Fowler as the representative of the sons of Methodist preachers. Then what shall I say of our friend Dr. Parker? I said this was a gathering of Methodists, and when I said that, I did not forget Dr. Parker was on my left hand. Dr. Parker is a Methodist preacher—who can doubt that? He always has been. And Dr. Parker has never been other than a friend of Methodists. I can only hope all the Methodist preachers living now, and who shall live

in days to come, will ring out truth as earnestly and as blessedly as Dr. Parker does. Long may he live! We are delighted to see him, and we are delighted to hear his voice amongst us. We were glad this morning to hear him, and we shall be glad to hear him again. Mr. President, I am very delighted to see this great Methodist gathering, and trust we shall be able at the close of this day's services to congratulate Mr. Westerdale, who has worked with the vigour of a giant—more than that, because a giant is often very big without being strong. He has worked as hardly any other man could have worked for this great movement, and personally, and on behalf of the trustees, I thank Mr. Westerdale most heartily for the splendid manner in which he has carried this great scheme to a successful issue. Now we shall be delighted to hear Sir Henry Hartley Fowler.

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### A Methodist Statesman.



Sir HENRY FOWLER said—

Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have to thank Mr. Kelly for the very kind manner in which he introduced me to the meeting, not only personally, but also representatively, and for the moment, of course, I am, until Dr. Parker speaks, representing the guests who are here to-day, and who have had very great pleasure in being here and doing their part. I believe they have all done their part in completing the success which we have all been so anxiously desiring to see. I cannot for the moment forget—Mr. Kelly has already alluded to one of the points—that I have perhaps a personal interest in this

celebration, which is, after all, more of a personal than of a public matter. I have a personal interest which very few now living have. I have not spoken in this room, Mr. Chairman, since I made my maiden speech in public—I will not tell you how many years ago that is. I well remember it was a festivity which was held in those days—one of those festivities which have been transmuted in modern times into a lighter entertainment, but at which in those days the sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters of Wesleyan ministers resident in or near London had an annual breakfast meeting in this room. I remember well that breakfast meeting. There were two speakers who for the first time took part in it, but I think it was not my colleague's first attempt at public speaking. It was mine. The *Watchman*—which, I suppose, is not yet quite forgotten—my friend, Dr. Waller, with natural sympathy, cheers that—but the *Watchman*, in one of its sagacious and paternal articles—sometimes maternal—gave a very approving commendation to the two young sons of Methodist ministers who spoke on that occasion, one of whom was Judge Waddy—and the other was myself! I have also a far more important interest in this celebration, and one which would have induced me to take part in it, whatever my other engagements had been,—although I greatly regret that by my other engagements I am prevented from taking part in the meeting this evening,—and that is the fact to which the Chairman has already alluded, that my father died in John Wesley's House, and out of the large number of Methodist ministers in London who died during the century, many of whom were buried in this *campo santo*, he was the only minister who ever died in John Wesley's House. Therefore that gives me, the meeting will readily understand, a personal interest in this celebration. Now, sir, I am very glad that this work has been undertaken. I venture to say it ought to have been done ten years ago, when we put the chapel

on its proper basis, on the centenary of Mr. Wesley's death. We ought to have done the same thing for the house. At all events, that lapse has now been rectified, and there are two parties to thank in this matter. The first party we have to thank are the trustees of the Angel Alley Chapel Trust, who supported this scheme and put it upon a proper footing. I do not know any trustees who have so wisely and so well dealt with an unexpected windfall as the trustees of that chapel. They might have frittered it away in small sums which would have benefited a few people for a few years, and then would have been completely submerged. Instead of that, they have made it a permanent addition not only to the wealth of this circuit, but to the wealth of Methodism the wide world over. The next we have to praise for what we are now seeing carried out is our friend Mr. Westerdale. He has a marvellous genius for organisation—that you know; and he has a marvellous genius for begging. My impression is that if we could go back to mediæval times he would be a general of some order of mendicant friars! I know no man in the Methodist Conference who can compete with him in the power of raising money, or in the ingenuity with which he devises unknown means for raising the money. There is a boldness in the conception of inviting you to lunch, and then asking you to pay for coming. I am glad Mr. Westerdale is carrying this scheme out. I have confidence in him, and I hope—perhaps the hope is unnecessary—that there are no fragments remaining, and that the work will be all done this time. His appeal to the Methodist people last December shows that the Methodist people are quite ready and willing to assist and uphold a good scheme whenever it is brought before them. Now, as to the special aspect of this commemoration and dedication; it is a personal celebration. It is a personal celebration of what I may call John Wesley's personality, more than—although, of course, that is not lost sight of—

John Wesley's work ; and to my mind there is something very attractive and very suggestive in what we are doing to-day. There is no record, no remains, in any shape or form, of luxury, of splendour, of wealth, which you have in this house, and a good many have been through it to-day, and a good many of you know it well. There is to my mind the dignity of simplicity and the simplicity of dignity. I was thinking this morning that it suggested another great member of the same family. Many of you may have seen the bedroom in which he died at Walmer Castle. He lived in the same, I do not say rude, but simple, hard, unluxurious state, with a narrow bed in which the great Duke said he never turned, because when a man wanted to turn in his bed it was time for him to turn out. That is eminently a Wesleyan saying. But this house, telling us, as it does, of John Wesley's self-denial, of his want of the wealth of this world, of the simplicity in which he lived, and the simplicity in which he died—this house, and this chapel, and the tomb behind, are not John Wesley's monument. We must not associate that idea with them. John Wesley's work, John Wesley's life, John Wesley's death, are mightier monuments than anything that can be found in the England of to-day. His monument is to be found in the people of England, in the Church of England (I mean the Church of England in which he lived, and in which he died), and in the other branches of the Church in England outside that community. His monument is to be found there. It is to be found in the religion of England. It is to be found in the history of England, and you will find that the great historians who have written from the purely—I do not say the word in an offensive sense—secular point of view, men like Macaulay, like Lecky, and like Green, have pronounced eloquent criticism and eulogium, and have dissected and detected the great influence which John Wesley exerted on the history of his country a century ago, and which he is exerting to-day. This is a great

age of statistics, and we Methodists are very fond of statistics. I see these enumerations day after day at various gatherings of the number of chapels that we have built and that we own, and the number of members that we record, and the number of congregations that we enumerate, and the schools, and so forth. Well, those statistics are all very well in their way. They have a value—but they are usually misleading; they are always exaggerated, but wherever you have made the inevitable deductions which have to be made from them, and stand face to face with the naked truth, then their effect is overwhelming. But that is not all. There is one thing about John Wesley that you cannot schedule. Not one of his followers, devoted as they are to schedules, can enumerate that item in any schedule, and that is the permanent and widely-extended influence of John Wesley. Well, the Chairman just now alluded to Dr. Parker as belonging in one sense to Methodism. That thought will suggest to many of you the enormous ramifications of Methodism which run through generation after generation. You will find it in all the Churches. You find it in all the professions. You find it in politics. You find it in art and literature. You find that strain running through English life to an extent that I think no other strain of what may be called a denominational character has reached. It pervades the nation. I am, of course, now alluding to a large number of people who are not Methodists now, and perhaps have not been for a generation or more; but nevertheless the fact remains; and if I could tell you of the extraordinary people who have been connected by birth or alliance, or in some way or other, with the parent stock, you would be astounded at the chasm which now separates men from what their forefathers were before them. There is another point of more importance than that genealogical fact which interests observers of public and influential men. That is, that the influence of John Wesley which I am thinking of at this moment is a religious influence,

and that is not confined to Methodism. I remember one of the greatest of his followers, Mr. William Bunting, preaching at one of the Hull Conferences, and after having rendered, as he was always fond of rendering, a tribute to other Churches and other creeds, he turned round on the congregation, and, having quoted from several well-known biographies, said, "You Methodists think there is no Methodism but your own, but there are far more Methodists outside Methodism than there are in it." That, no doubt, was an hyperbolical way of stating a plain truth. But you have the influence of Methodism, you have it in every Church, you have it in every denomination, and you have men who, in one sense condemning it, will tell you it has been the parent of all the other religious movements of the last century and this century. I think you see it in the general tone of religious opinion outside Methodism. I am not defining what the people outside Methodism are, but you see the effect of that teaching, that revival, and perhaps that is the best word we can use—it was John Wesley's own word—the revival of primitive Christianity. It was the revival of primitive Christianity in the eighteenth century which has been such an inexpressible boon to the nineteenth century. Now may I say a word upon the relations of John Wesley to the Methodism of to-day. When I was a boy there was a phrase very much used—a phrase which you never hear nowadays—"our Venerable Founder." Somebody discovered the other day that it was rather a proof of the snobbery of Methodists a generation ago that they always spoke of Mr. Wesley, and never spoke of Wesley. I think it was a sign of reverential respect to speak of that great man with a courtesy—exceptional courtesy, which was peculiarly dear to the people who had known him, and many of whom had worked under him and lived with him. At all events, they used the word Founder. Would that be applicable to-day? Methodism has relations to the Church and to the



world which did not exist in the days of John Wesley, and it is pure speculation to say what John Wesley would have done if he had been alive. The only thing we can say of him is this, he would have done what he always did when he was alive. He would have adapted himself to the day in which he lived, and used the instrumentalities and institutions available for the work he wanted to do. He was in advance of his age often, he was always abreast of his age, and never behind it, and I think the probabilities are that he would have done very much what his sons and successors have done. Nevertheless, it is right and fair that we should recognise that a new state of things has arisen, and that whereas we hold a great deal of his opinions, and a great deal of what he said and did in great respect, yet we have adapted ourselves to the exigencies of to-day as he did to the exigencies of his day. Now, I referred to the word Founder just now. In a very admirable book which has just been published by Canon Gore—his *Lectures on the Ephesians*—he has dealt with St. Paul as the founder of different Churches; he says the founder of a Church is a gatherer-in of converts and an organiser of institutions, and I do not think we can have a phrase in which to describe what John Wesley was, and his relation to Methodism, better than that. The Methodism of his day has become something else. We had first the blade, we then had the ear, and now we are getting the full corn in the ear, and probably that will be the precursor and insurer of many subsequent harvests. The Methodism of to-day has grown, and there is no power either in the Church or in the world to prevent its growth or its development. We do not hold—certainly those that I am addressing to-day and I am sure a large body of intelligent English people—we do not hold that ecclesiastical history or secular history is a chapter of accidents; we recognise that there has always been a divine control running through the whole course of history from the earliest days, perhaps more marvellously developed in the later centuries than

in the earlier centuries. You cannot exclude that element from the Christian Church. We are always quoting that line of Browning's—

“God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world.”

The same principle must prevail in the Church. You cannot recognise the Divine influence in the one and exclude it from the other. It is impossible to deal on merely human grounds, and to apply human reasoning to the development of a great Church like the Methodist Church in England, in Africa, in Asia, in Australia, and, above all, in the great sister Republic and the colonies across the Atlantic. That Church has not been, whatever else it may have been, the devil's work; and it has not been man's work, whatever else it may have been. I should like to refer to another point with reference to the Methodism of to-day, that it still retains, and I hope will still retain, the unique position which John Wesley laid down for it, and which I think, if it ever abandons, it will make the most gigantic blunder, namely, the principle that Methodism is absolutely neutral, that it is the friend of all and the enemy of none. Methodism is an aggressive Church, but it is not a proselytising Church; it is a missionary Church, but it is not a militant Church; and I have no desire, nor would I walk to the end of this room to secure any number of converts or any acquisition of strength drawn from other Churches. That is a Wesleyan principle, and it is a Methodist principle, and that principle has been the glory and the bulwark of the people called Methodists: they are the friends of all and the enemies of none. They are the friends of all that is good, and they recognise what is good in the aims, in the opinions, in the institutions, in the work of other Churches, although they may think that it is not the best way. But that is not the question before them. The work is being done, and they are to bless and not to ban any or every other Church

which is doing Christ's work in this world. Then there is another word I should like to say, and I hope I shall not be transgressing the limits I have marked out for myself. I do not think the President of the Conference will disapprove of what I am going to say. It is this, that Methodism must never be a political organisation. You may depend upon it that our strength, the strength of numbers, the strength of institutions, the strength of men, ay, and you cannot despise it at the present day, the strength of wealth, and strength of political influence, in the sense that political power is diffused over a large number of people by whom Methodism is influenced—that very strength is a danger and a temptation. We may say, looking at this magnificent machine, "How desirable to put it on the side we think is right; what a blessing to the world it would be if only our people could come in!" Now I am a very strong party man, and I am not ashamed of it. I am ready to fight for my political opinions anywhere and everywhere, but I do not want Methodists to help me to fight for them. I know men, far better Methodists than I am, men who have done more and suffered more for Methodism; men who understand it more, who have lived long lives in it and adorned it by their lives, who hold totally different political opinions from mine. They have a right to those opinions, and they have as much right to say the world would be better if their views were adopted as I have to say I think it would be better if my views were adopted. Mind you, the temptation will never come in its nakedness. It will always come well adorned, and always under most alluring and captivating circumstances, but—and I say it again, Mr. President, with all respect—the first line of defence to that question is in the Methodist Conference. The Methodist Conference must hold the balance perfectly level. If it inclines either to the one side or the other, the Methodist people will begin to do the same, and, while I would uphold the opinion which was expressed in the Methodist Conference at the time of the large

extension of the franchise sixty or seventy years ago, which was that there should be a recognition of character and morals in the political world, and while I would also never forget that there may come times — I do not think they have come very often — when Methodism as Methodism ought to take part in a political fight. The only instance I can recall when such action was fully justified was on the slavery question—Methodism was bound to put every party aside — Liberal, Radical, Tory, to get rid of the sin of slavery, that burning disgrace to the nation and to the Church. But those occasions are very rare. The politics of to-day are politics on which, as I have said just now, good men on both sides are alike entitled to hold strong opinions, and there is no absolute right or absolute wrong on one side or the other. I therefore take this opportunity of saying these words of caution from one who is himself inside the very world to which I do not want you to come as a body, and from which I hope you will as a Church for ever stand aloof. I have no doubt, so long as the Wesleyans of to-day—I prefer the word “Methodists”—so long as the Methodists of to-day uphold the great principles of John Wesley’s work, of John Wesley’s life, of those guiding lines which he laid down for those who were to follow him in what I may call the higher regions of Christian thought and Christian work, we can face the altered conditions of to-day, we can, with perfect loyalty to him, adapt our instruments and our institutions to the needs of to-day, and in doing that we shall render the best and the most undying homage to his name.

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## A Methodist Preacher not on the Minutes.

Dr. PARKER said—

Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, Messrs. Ex-Presidents, and Brothers and Sisters all,—I have been introduced to you as a Methodist preacher. I willingly and gratefully accept the designation, if by Methodist preacher you mean a man who preaches the old, old gospel of Jesus and His love. I believe that denominational lines in a purely invidious sense are fading out, and that Christians are approaching one another with confidence and respect, on broader lines than before. Sometimes a man will come into my vestry, after a Thursday morning service (for as a Methodist preacher I think it my duty to preach in the City of London every Thursday at twelve o'clock)—and will say to me, “I am a High Churchman.” I say, “So am I.” No Church can be too high for me in aspiration, in adoration, in loyalty to the Throne, in desire to be daily better and better, being more and more conformed to the image of Christ. Another man will follow, saying, “I am a Low Churchman.” I say, “So am I. No Church can be too low for one that seeks the lost, that goes out after that which is lost until it be found. No Church is a Church to me that avoids the slums and out-of-the-way places and the haunts of poverty and of crime. If that is what you mean by being a Low Churchman, I am one.” Another man will say, “I am a Baptist.” So am I. I am baptized every day. I have outlived the little, narrow, water baptism, and I have come into the great chrism of flame, the great baptism of fire from the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and in that sense I am a Methodist to the backbone. Sir Henry Fowler has given me, and has given you all, a most pregnant subject, if you kept your ears open to his little brief sentences, some of them merely parenthetical. One of them was this: “Phrases that we do not hear now.” What a subject that is! There

are many phrases that are historically preserved that I should like to see introduced into the living language of the day, old words, heroic words, battle words. Are we getting ashamed of such an old word as conversion? Is anybody converted now? I believe in that word. Old things are become new. And are we not getting just a little afraid of the old phrase on which Sir Henry dwelt with unction—"revival"? "Reviving"—that is an Old Testament word, and that is a word we ought not to get ashamed of. If there is a cant of revivalism there is a deeper and worse cant of worldliness, a deeper and worse cant of sordidness, a cant of trying to play the double game of serving God and Mammon at the same time. I would, therefore, that our preachers should not be discouraged by being pointed at as men who use such canting words as "conversion." It is a New Testament word. It is more than Latin, it carries its etymology and its meaning on its face and in every tone of its solemn music. I care not what process of ceremonialism or initiation any man may have gone through, if he has not been converted, turned right round in soul, and thought, and feeling, he is not a Christian, he is an enemy of the Cross of Christ. I insist, therefore, upon that conversion as the introduction to the true Christian life. "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, and all things are become new." I believe in such words as revival, and conversion, and experience, and the rest. These words have done more good to the world than has ever been done by the new language that has gouged God out of its very centre, and taken out of its pith all that was valuable, solemn, and enduring, Sir Henry Fowler has played the part of a master speaker in this, that, whilst he has been very careful to neutralise us in many respects, he has also maintained a very strict and definite activity of political conviction and political expression. I could not have sat so near to him and have felt that he was anything but what he is. There are men who have that wonderful gift. They would

not for the world proselytise you, but they have a way of looking at you, if you do not think just as they think, that gives you to understand that you might have been a better man under other circumstances. This is an illustration of what he has so happily described as influence, that peculiar virtue or something that goes out of a man, healing and blessing those upon whom it falls. I trust that no man will ever be a Christian in such a sense that nobody else will ever suspect it. Oh, it is the worst of atheism that a man shall be a Christian nominally, and his own family know nothing about it, his own employees never suspecting it—that is atheism. That will do more harm in the world than all the infidels can do, than all the infidels ever will do. They can only strike from the outside ; but Judas knew the place, Judas knew the meaning of the kiss. Better be an out and out disbeliever and atheist and overt rebel against the Cross than drink the sacramental, symbolic blood, and then go out and serve the devil. I heartily endorse what has been said as to party political views within the sacred lines of the Christian Church. I have never preached politics from the pulpit. I have been preaching now fifty years this June. It is fifty years since I preached my first sermon, and I have never preached on politics, as narrowly defined or as applied to partisanship, and to invidious distinctions and policies. But there is one thing I have done ; I did it so late ago as last Sunday. I distinguished between the different applications of the word "Socialism." I said there is a Socialism in which we all believe, a noble Christian philanthropy, and I also said, with all the burning fervour of a conviction which took possession of my entire soul, that there is another Socialism that we all hate, a Socialism that is the enemy of society, the enemy of marriage, the enemy of property, the enemy of all that makes life worth living, and Christian men ought to speak out against such Socialism, and denounce it, even though they should empty their pews, and suffer loss because of it. The difficulty which I have, and which you will have

also, is this, that men will take one end of a sentence and forget the other. They will not give you the statement which you yourself have carefully expressed, namely, that there is a Socialism divine, beneficent, righteous, in which we all sincerely rejoice, but there is an enmity against the very spirit of society that is circulating the most virulent poison through the veins of the body politic. I read to my people several sentences from popular Socialistic books of the kind I now refer to, in which it is declared that we must get rid of religion, justice, authority, and law if this world is to make any real progress. One of the Socialist writers concludes by saying that it is our duty to be immoral. These are the writings that I can refer you to, that are read, that are circulated, that are sold after lectures on the base kind of Socialism to which I refer, and we ought not to shut our eyes to facts. Do not let us sit in this beautiful room and at these sumptuous tables and believe we have the evidence before our eyes of the world's solid progress. There are men in London by the hundred, if not by the thousand, who would be glad to overturn the throne, burn the Bible, and reduce the sanctuary to ashes. Are we as Christian ministers to be silent in the presence of such men, because they will abuse us, and endeavour to throw mud at us, and do all they can to hinder and spoil our influence? I defy them in the name of the Living God! I thus believe in practical preaching, but I believe that no preaching can be practically right that is metaphysically wrong. I believe you will never be right in your morality until you are right in your theology. What are the great commandments—that you shall love the Lord your God, and your neighbour as yourself. These two commands go together, and the only democracy I believe in is the theocracy, the democracy that goes back into theocracy, the rule of God, the Kingdom of Heaven overruling and sanctifying all other dominions. I thank you, my dear friends, for the kind reception you have given to my service in the chapel. I came out of my bed to render it; I have been for three weeks more or



less under the doctor's particular care. But I felt this occasion was historical, that it brought round it many tender reminiscences, and I anticipated the happy occasion on which I should renew many hallowed fellowships, and recall to mind a reminiscence that makes life very golden and very tender. I speak in the presence of the Rev Thomas M'Cullagh, whose name I hold in reverence. He heard the second sermon I ever preached, and I do not know that I ever preached a worse sermon, but I preached it out of my heart, and there was fire enough in it to inflame a thousand sermons. From that day to this have never changed my subject, because I have never changed my Lord.

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### The President claims Dr. Parker.

The Rev. W. L. WATKINSON said—

Mr. Chairman, and my dear Friends,—I shall detain you for a very few moments indeed. I congratulate you sir, upon this day. This debt has oppressed you, I was going to say for generations; but you remember the famous words of Shakespeare—

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to”—

Westerdale. We must all feel a fresh encouragement in life. We are delighted to-day to listen to Sir Henry Fowler. The very discriminating and powerful words he has spoken to us are words, I am sure, that our whole Church will lay to heart. As to Dr. Parker, Dr. Parker belongs to us—we lend him to the Congregationalists. There is not enough in some men to belong to one Church, but Dr. Parker has such magnanimity of nature that he easily shares himself with the whole Catholic Church. Years ago I contributed to one of Dr. Parker's publications. It was many many years ago and Dr. Parker has never looked back since. Years

passed away, and Dr. Parker with his great kindness found occasion to write me a letter, and in that letter he said that he remembered distinctly my contributions. When I read that I felt serious, but I was delighted with the next part of the sentence. I am not sure that all my brethren would earn such a distinction—"not a word wasted." I express not only my own personal feeling, and the sentiment of the ladies and gentlemen gathered here, but I express, I am sure, the feeling and conviction of the whole of our great Church when I say we feel greatly honoured by the presence of these distinguished gentlemen, and deeply appreciate their magnificent services.

## Dedicatory Service.

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

*"Then sang Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam on that day, saying,  
For that the leaders took the lead in Israel,  
For that the people offered themselves willingly,  
Bless ye the Lord."—JUDGES V. 1, 2 (R.V.).*



The Israelites are fond of reviewing their national history. They are never weary of recalling the wonderful circumstances of their origin and the marvellous episodes of the national life; the heroes, the achievements, that mark the page of their wondrous story from Miriam, in the Old Testament, right away to Stephen. They had a passion for recounting the extraordinary development of their national history; and they did this not in a spirit of vaingloriousness, but they sought to recognise the hand

of God, He who had made them a people that were not a people, and who had given to them such a high and holy calling. And it is by no means improper that we should remember the extraordinary history of our own Church, the heroes that God has given us; and that we should remember our particular calling and our special mission. And we should do all this, not in a temper of egotistical denominationalism,—God forbid that we should!—but that we might glorify Him who has made us what we are, and that we might refresh our souls, that we might more perfectly accomplish our great mission. So this afternoon I propose to speak to you a few plain, practical, and personal words directed to the end of exciting afresh our confidence in God and our zeal for carrying out our evangelistic mission.

Now in this text we are called upon to celebrate our leaders: “for that the leaders took the lead in Israel.” Deborah with a fine instinct perceived the singular value of great and heroic leaders. In some directions to-day, as Dr. Parker reminded us, there is a disposition to obscure greatness, to deny, I was going to say, the supreme value of splendid talents. Let us recognise the rights of the people. I have some little to say about that by and by, but we must never forget the wonderful importance of the man as against the multitude, or perhaps speaking more properly, *to-ward* the multitude. The Roman soldier was a master in his art and profession; but the Roman soldiers would have been only a rabble without Cæsar. Those sailors four centuries ago were brave and skilful Italians and Spaniards; but without Columbus they would have done very little with that bark on the Atlantic. You may have a crowd of dexterous masons and painters; but if St. Peter’s is to be built in Rome or St. Paul’s in London you must have Michael Angelo in the one place and Sir Christopher Wren in the other. Let us acknowledge the multitude, and all the rights that pertain to them; but that need not for a moment obscure our mind as to the

appreciation of men of supreme genius. "For the leaders that took the lead . . . bless ye the Lord." The great architects, the great navigators, the great captains, they are all special gifts of God to humanity. In the world, a great leader is the architect of civilisation, and in the Church a great leader is the organiser of victory. In John Wesley God gave us a great leader. People talk about strokes of genius. John Wesley did not so much achieve a stroke of genius ; he did everything in the steady light of genius. Shakespeare has been called a myriad-minded man. Now, what Shakespeare was in the world of intellect, Wesley was in the practical world, a man of many and precious endowments ; a preacher, an author, a publisher, a theologian, a poet, a musician, a great financier—who discovered the penny a long while before the Post Office did, a long time before the penny paper did, a long time before the Midland Railway did—a man of thought, a man of action, a statesman, an economist, a saint. God has given to us in our Founder a man of supreme talents, and to-day, without a tincture of adulation or idolatry, for the race we may say it, For such a leader, bless ye the Lord !

Deborah speaks of the condition of things in Israel when she arose, and when Israel kept to the byways, and when even the cultivated places were desolate. We know this afternoon what the condition of things was when Wesley came upon the field, and we can only speak with gratitude and gladness of the wonders God has wrought, through Wesley's instrumentality, for the uplifting of men and for the purification and happiness of the race.

And all along the century we have had these leaders. They have arisen in unexpected places, as heroes often do. They have been men of widely differing types, yet if you look at the monuments in this temple they will remind you that God has never left us, but generation after generation He has raised up men of initiation, speculation, aggressiveness, daring ; and this afternoon

we may exult. For the bright succession of noble, gifted, and disinterested leaders that God has been pleased to give us, bless ye the Lord !

But what about to-day? We must think not only of our great leader and of those able men who followed him, and who have solved our questions for successive generations, and led us in the right direction, we think to-day about to-day, and about the leaders whom we now expect to lead us. We must not be content with the past. We have not brought down all the citadels of error : we have not nearly accomplished all the work that Methodism arose to accomplish. I need not waste any time about proving that. The battle is by no means over, and we want leaders still ; we want leaders who will lead.

Our ministers are leaders. They ought to be. They ought not to accept Methodism as it is to-day as final. Every minister ought to be a dreamer, ought to be a schemer, ought to be a man of speculation and aggressiveness and aspiration. I hear sometimes of a minister who keeps things together. Well, I should say that he was not worth keeping. Every minister in our ranks ought to feel that he is a standard-bearer, and that he is called upon to secure the expansion of the kingdom of our common Master. For the leaders who take the lead ; for the ministers who seek to make their circuits always better in the leaving than they found them ; for all ministers, I nearly said, who get circuits into debt in their efforts to lead them into happier conditions—for all such ministers, let us bless the Lord. The one minister of whom a circuit ought to be afraid is the man who will let everything alone, and pass out of the circuit to which he was appointed having made no blunders in it—and having made nothing else. What Methodism wants to-day in the ministry is leaders who lead, and not men who live upon the gifts and the sacrifices and the aspirations of their fathers.

And our class-leaders : what a splendid corps of officers we have here ! It is the business of a leader to lead,

and all over the country in that glorious institution we have men appointed, not simply to keep things as they were, but above all things to lead their members on to a deeper, richer, fuller life. And, mind you, all the other leaders in Methodism will prove very disappointing unless the modest class-leader is ever leading his people into a deeper and more perfect life. You know the Conference believes that it leads Methodism. That is one of the illusions of the Conference. The Conference can do little for Methodism unless the obscure class-leader makes larger things possible; and we want throughout all our borders earnest men who are always seeking to lead their members to the loftiest levels of life, and of character, and of influence. Oh that God would baptize all the leaders of Methodism! and if in a thousand places—in ten thousand places—these standard-bearers loyally and lovingly do their duty, God will crown us with fresh and abundant victories. And our trustees, our stewards, and teachers ought all to look upon themselves, not as men merely to pass on what antiquity has passed on to them, but they ought to seek the improvement and perfection of our Church. Oh! to-day we do deeply need alike with the ministry and with the class-leaders and with our stewards and trustees, that they should be men of movement, aspiration, desire, feeling that John Wesley had a great temple in his mind, and that he did a great deal for its building, but that now each one of us his followers must add thereto.

What of the leaders who do not lead? They did not all lead in the movement recorded in this chapter; there was a remnant of nobles, says Deborah, who came to the struggle—and all leaders in Methodism do not lead. Some who ought to lead us leave us. You know that wonderful poem of Browning's, "The Lost Leader"—

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.

We shall march prospering—not thro' his presence ;  
Songs may inspirit us—not from 'his lyre ;  
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,  
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire."

Methodism has suffered immensely in this direction, and many of those who have been created nobles through our fellowship, when they touch opulence and culture and influence, instead of serving us, forsake us ; they are leaders who do not lead, and it is a melancholy thing to us when so many of them fail us, and oftentimes for the sake of that "riband to stick in their coat." For the men of education, for the men of wealth, for the men of influence, who are loyal to us to-day,—and, thank God ! there are many of them,—bless ye the Lord ! When a man comes to wealth, to education, and to influence, I say that he cannot have a grander sphere under the sun for the service of souls and for the service of the commonwealth than he can find in the sphere of Methodism. But, if these brethren fail us, we shall still go on to victory. God will never permit Methodism to be arrested because of those who forsake us for social prizes. But I do appeal to you, and to our whole Church to-day, and beg the men who, under our shadow, have risen to be all that they are—I appeal to you and to them to consecrate gifts, wealth, influence, that this Church may be made a similar blessing to coming generations.

There are many other leaders who do not take the lead. There are a great many people all over Methodism—men of a certain education and rank—who ought to be local preachers. What a splendid thing it would be for Methodism if these potential leaders were to become actual leaders ! What a splendid gift for any man of aspiration, to give him a pulpit ! I wish the thousands of our educated people up and down the country would strengthen the ranks of our local brethren. In every direction we are building new chapels ; but we all feel that with the improvement of our sanctuaries there is a correspondent obligation to a generation which is

constantly increasing in culture ; and we want to-day potential leaders to become actual leaders, placing their name on our plans, and ministering to our congregations. What a glorious increment of strength and of blessing it would be to us and to them !

There is another matter. Many leaders do not lead so far as our Sunday schools are concerned. A great host of women are now in Methodism, many of them women of education ; and yet in numerous places our Sunday schools are miserably officered. Those who are there do their best—and God bless them ! But what a melancholy thing it is that numbers of our people, with education and rank and taste—what a misfortune it is that they do not take their place in the Sabbath school and lend our Church the virtue of their talents and their influence ! “Until that I Deborah arose, that I arose a mother in Israel.” Join your sister.

Many of these people take the lead outside. They only find out that they have no ability when they come into the Church. You see their names at the County Council, School Board, Guardians, and—I was going to say the House of Lords, but—St. Stephen's. You know these men : they are leaders everywhere else. God has so gifted them, put in the very ground of their nature rare qualities of insight and organisation and ministry and utterance ! Why do not they come and lead us ? Why do not they give to the Church of the living God the very flower of their genius, their culture, their opulence, their influence ? They cannot do better.

The leaders that do lead — oh, they are precious ! You do not care about a leader who does not lead. As they told us in the papers a little while ago about somebody in a Paris revolution who said to a citizen in the tail of a procession, “What are you doing here ?” “Well,” he replied, “you see I am forced to follow, because I am one of their leaders.” We do not care about that type of leader. And you do not care for a man who leads by putting on a brake. And you do not care for a leader



who is simply ambitious to lead. But we do prize real leaders. We prize the men to whom God has given exceptional gifts and influence. We do prize them ; our Church wants them. There never was a day when we wanted leaders more than we need them to-day. Let every minister become a leader. He is bound to get into trouble ; but that ought not to be a consideration to any of us. Class-leaders, do not watch your dwindling class, but by the grace of God seek to build it up in members and in grace. Sunday-school teachers, go into your work with a new heart, full of the Spirit of God, and you shall render us noble service. And I feel this in Methodism to-day, that it is impossible for anybody to have too much enthusiasm. A Church is generally afraid of enthusiasm ; but we need not be—not in the least. We have established such steady lines. We have standing orders. We have a massive, fixed framework. We need not be afraid of large things. In my opinion to-day, the most prudent man in Methodism is the most audacious man. We are ready for it. Who was it said that the age likes a big thing? And I believe that if we attempt larger measures, if we seek to put up new sanctuaries, if we seek to push out our borders, I believe that imprudence is almost impossible to-day. The great Captain of our salvation, who has led us for more than a century, is with us still. He has made us a blessing. Glory to His name that He has made us such a deep and widespread blessing ! But this afternoon He calls upon us for fresh courage, fresh patience, fresh enthusiasm, fresh daring ; and if Methodism has been a blessing in the past, it shall be an unspeakably greater blessing to this commonwealth and to the race. "For the leaders in Israel that took the lead," that were faithful to their talents and to their generation, "bless ye the Lord !"

I must now say a word about those who follow—for the people who offer themselves willingly. You cannot leave the people out. Lord Wolseley may be a splendid man ; but he cannot do without Tommy Atkins. Michael

Angelo was a superb architect ; but he could not do without the hodman. Columbus was a man of extraordinary ability ; but he could not do without those "salts" who manned his bark, and who have gone down unknown and unrecorded. And in Methodism there have always been the people. There may be Churches where there are only leaders—I do not know ; but in Methodism the people from the beginning have figured largely. Some people are jealous of greatness ; and then, on the other side, greatness looks down and says with an illustrious Frenchman that "democracy is the grave of talent." So that is the way they serve each other out. But is there to be a war between splendid genius and democracy ? Surely not. The true condition of things is that wherein the God-made leaders lead, and, in association with the people, work out the large and magnificent purposes of God. We must think of both of them.

Methodism has had a people that have willingly offered themselves. The people in Methodism believe in Methodism. You say to me, "What is the proof of that ?" I will tell you. One of the grandest proofs that people believe in a thing is when they *give* for it. That is one of the standing tests of sincerity. People always believe in a thing if they give for it. What a man puts into the plate—silver, or whatever he puts in—indicates his faith just as the quicksilver in the tube indicates the temperature ; and, mind you, the measure of a man's gifts—his circumstances being considered—is exactly the gauge of his faith. When I have heard a man, as I have sometimes, make a tremendous speech about his self-sacrifice, and about the claims of missionary enterprise, and then, opulent man as he was, finish up by putting a threepenny bit in the plate, I felt at once that it was a case of the mercury freezing. People believe in a thing if they give for it. I need not enlarge upon that in Methodism. From the beginning our people have been extraordinarily generous. They have shown the sincerity, the strength, and the purity of their faith by their large gifts to God ;

and I tell you there is something pathetic about the giving of Methodism. It is not so much the giving of rich men. It is the giving of people who earn every penny they get by the sweat of their brow ; and there is something touchingly pathetic about the liberality of this Church of ploughmen, of labourers, and of shopkeepers who have maintained our Christian Church and our missions that are spread to-day to the ends of the earth.

And another thing that proves that our people believe in Methodism is, they will *work* for it. As I was thinking this subject over last night, it struck me that I ought to have four tests of sincerity. I was going to put in that men believe what they will fight for ; but when I came to consider, it struck me that if anybody tackled me, it would be with difficulty I could sustain this test. I daresay a man does believe, generally speaking, in a thing he fights for ; but such is the combativeness of the human heart, that a faith like a grain of mustard seed is big enough to justify a Waterloo. Men love a fight. And so I thought I would rather put work. Men believe in what they work for, and all the work of Methodism is volunteered. The people willingly offer themselves, and it is astonishing the work that is thus done in Methodism. When I hear of the "great unpaid," I always think of the local preachers and other Church workers ; and it is an impressive thing in this city to see what some gentlemen do, who come from week to week and give so much of their precious time to the consideration of the interests of their Church. It is a commonplace, but to my mind it is sublime. Look at our trustees and our stewards. You can put in a schedule the money that people give, but you can never schedule the time that our people lovingly devote to the building up of our Church.

And there is another test of belief ; and that is, men believe what they will *suffer* for. Our fathers suffered. Some ecclesiastic the other day found out that, and wrote an article about Methodist saints and martyrs, and

he dwelt upon the sufferings of our ancestors. We know they did suffer persecution. In some places our people have still to withstand "the little tyrant of their fields"; but I tell you there is something more difficult for people to suffer than physical outrage and imprisonment, and Methodism to this moment has to suffer a social ostracism that our people in many parts of the country bitterly feel. Some one told us on Monday night here that he thought we had too little persecution in these days—it would be a great deal better for us if we had some more, judging by the noise we make when we get a little. Blessed be God for the people called Methodists, for their love to the Master and to this Church, which is one of His great instruments, for their disinterestedness, for their self-surrender and sacrifice! This afternoon devoutly we bless the Lord.

I will not keep you a minute longer than to say this to you people. Mind, when your leaders want to lead you, that you follow. Not always, perhaps. I would not say that we are infallible, because that monopoly is elsewhere. Mind you, when your leaders want to lead you, follow them. If a man comes with a dazzling scheme to inaugurate a new century by raising a million pounds, follow him, because every penny will go to noble uses. If in the place where you live you have an old sanctuary, and a minister comes—I know twenty such cases this very moment—and says, "Now I will build you a new church; people never will come here, it is too dingy": "Well," you say, "it did for our fathers." That is a good argument in a way, but it does not go far. Now if you get a preacher that wants to do you good, let him. Give him your sympathy; sustain him. It is not for his sake, but for the common cause. And when your class-leader points you to a higher life, and would lead you to spiritual enterprise, be willing to follow and win for yourselves distinction, as those heroes did in the high places of the field. The worst thing that can come to any Church is

not poverty, or persecution, or heresy. The worst thing that can happen to any Church is inertia. May God kindle a spirit of speculation, enterprise, aspiration, and make us a thousandfold as many as we are !

You know our leaders keep dropping off, and here to-day I feel that we are as when a standard-bearer fainteth. God has been pleased to take Dr. Moulton, and our Church has suffered an unspeakable loss—and yet I scarcely like to say so, for our dead are with us, and they fight by our side, although invisible. But when we think of that gifted and saintly man, there is a certain consternation—we can scarcely fight for our tears. And why should not I say it—here to-day, when the chapter was read to us about Deborah, why should not I remind you that another Deborah fell the other day in Miss Willard as she held aloft the flag of chastity and temperance? Oh! the day is passing, and these heroes in the fight fall; but the battle is not decided yet. Put on your armour; drink in the spirit of your Master. Work with both hands, and then, be sure we shall win! And if we only act with our Lord in courage, in patience, and love, in the future we shall be as the sun when he goeth forth in his strength.

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## The Reception.

The President of the Conference and many of the Ex-Presidents held a reception in the Morning Chapel. They held it under difficulties, for the people came by hundreds,—it seemed, indeed, by thousands,—until at last the President was completely exhausted. Scores of receptions were held all over the room by friends who rejoiced to meet under such happy circumstances, and were glad to have the opportunity of shaking hands.

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## Presentation to the Treasurers of the Centenary Fund.

A pleasing interlude in the day's business was a little gathering in the Morning Chapel after tea, when an interesting ceremony was performed by the President, who presented to the Rev. C. H. Kelly and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey, the Treasurers of the Centenary Fund, splendidly illuminated addresses in commemoration of the completion of their labours. In a brief explanatory speech,

The Rev. T. E. WESTERDALE said that the address had been agreed upon by the Trustees, and the President of the Conference had consented, on their behalf, to make the presentation. He was sorry that in consequence of illness and Mr. Morgan Harvey's absence from town, Mr. Harvey could not be present, but he had already acknowledged the gift at the Trustees' meeting.

The address was as follows:—

To the Rev. CHARLES H. KELLY and T. MORGAN HARVEY, Esq., J.P., Treasurers of the Wesley Centenary Fund.

We, the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel, City Road,

London, assembled in special meeting, take the opportunity of congratulating you on the completion of your labours as Treasurers of the Centenary Fund. We have watched with increasing admiration your unfailing loyalty and devotion to the great trust placed in your hands when the Conference of 1890, anticipating the Centenary of our Founder's death, appointed you co-Treasurers of the Commemoration Fund. We rejoice that in God's good providence you have been spared to see the consummation of your unwearied efforts, and especially do we give thanks to God to-day that the work entrusted to your care has been successfully accomplished, and that the Trust is now absolutely free of debt. Assuring you both of our esteem and gratitude, we are, in trusteeship of Wesley's Chapel, London,

Yours faithfully,

The address was signed by the whole of the Trustees.

The PRESIDENT said—

Mr. Kelly, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is with very great pleasure that I take this position and pass on this particular diploma to illuminate the happy home of Mr. Kelly. I can testify to the fact that Mr. Kelly has borne all the miseries of his position with the greatest resignation and cheerfulness. I have heard it said that it is a very happy thing to pay your debts. I cannot speak on the matter myself, because I never paid any of mine, for the good reason that I never make any. But Mr. Kelly, I can witness, has suffered many things in seeking to discharge very serious obligations that existed upon these buildings. We congratulate him on the completion of his noble service. I am almost sorry that these premises are out of debt. They ought to have continued in debt, and therein they would have been symbolical of Methodism. I heard a gentleman appertaining to another communion say some time ago that they built their chapels in faith and paid for them with repentance. But in this case whatever sufferings are implied are borne by these vicarious

parties, and we are deeply indebted to them. I am sure that no one could have worked with greater love, with greater patience, with greater hopefulness than Mr. Kelly has done; and we all congratulate you, sir, upon the completion of your service—a service that is not simply for to-day, but that will be a fruitful service for coming generations. I beg to pass to you, sir, this testimonial, representing the confidence and the love and the gratitude of your brethren.

Dr. WALLER said—



Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am called upon to say a word or two, not as an Ex-President, but as a Trustee of this venerable House of God. At a meeting of the Trustees it fell to my lot to propose the resolution which, in this beautiful illuminated address, is now presented to Mr. Kelly. The late Dr. Moulton had promised, if possible, to be present and move the resolution, but, as there was some uncertainty, Mr. Westerdale wrote requesting me, in the event of Dr. Moulton's absence, to take his place. I may mention that Dr. Moulton, whose decease we all so deeply lament, was also a Trustee of Wesley's Chapel. He was not able to be at the Trustees' Meeting, so it fell to my lot to move the resolution which has just been read to you. On that occasion—when I expressed to Mr. Kelly on behalf of the Trustees our sincerest gratitude and high appreciation of the great service which he had rendered to the Trust—I imagined that my duties were then at an end, but Mr. Westerdale, who is fruitful in surprises, has conceived the happy thought that the resolution, passed at the meeting of the Trustees, should be presented to Mr. Kelly in this beautiful form.

Mr. Kelly has been indeed a model Treasurer! It was his privilege, like that of so many treasurers in Methodism not to hold money, but to represent a considerable debt;



but now the long and weary business is over, and he has the joy of witnessing the completion of the scheme. Others have rendered valuable service in connection with Wesley's Trust,—and I may mention in this connection the name of Dr. Stephenson. As the President of the Conference on the occasion of the Centenary of Wesley's death, he had much to do with the beginning of the great effort; but it fell to the lot of Mr. Kelly to struggle with a very large balance of debt which remained. Mr. Kelly is a man of resources, and many friends up and down the country have rallied to his assistance. The final success, which we celebrate to-day, we owe to his indomitable determination. He has rendered many splendid services for Methodism, and he has added to them by the unwearied and successful effort which this beautiful illuminated address records.



The Rev. WALFORD GREEN said—

I am glad to speak for a moment to this resolution as one of the Trustees of City Road Chapel; and I am delighted to find that there has been in the brief address of Dr. Waller a very distinct recognition of the services rendered to this great movement not only by Mr. Kelly, but by Dr. Stephenson and others who did a great deal of work in connection with it. But I am quite sure that Dr. Stephenson would be one of the first to admit that the burden of this work has fallen upon Mr. Kelly; and I am not sorry, Mr. Kelly, that the burden fell upon your shoulders, because I know of no man better able to carry such a burden as that. I am a treasurer myself, but I do hold money, Dr. Waller. It is a great mistake to suppose that treasurers have never any money in hand. I am thankful to say that in many of the funds I represent there is money in hand. But that enables me all the better to appreciate the services which Mr. Kelly has rendered in bearing this great burden. For I

do not know of anything that would be more depressing or afflictive to me than to have to lie under the burden of a heavy debt—to feel that I was responsible, in connection with my co-treasurer, for a large amount of money which had been overdrawn at the bank, and to find that there was no response to the appeals that were made. I know from the intercourse that I have been privileged to have with Mr. Kelly how he has felt this burden again and again, and almost fainted under it—though he is not the man to faint—never grumbled, but sometimes expressed his deep concern as to when the money was to be forthcoming. Then I need not remind you again of the admirable quotation which the President of the Conference made at luncheon to-day. “There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to”—Westerdale. And the providence of God, I think, must be recognised in the appointment of Mr. Westerdale to this church. He has done great service in connection with the old sanctuary. He has done great service for you, Mr. Kelly, because he has relieved you and Mr. Morgan Harvey of the burden of financial responsibility. I do most heartily join in every expression of appreciation of the services which, as Treasurer, you have rendered, which services are so fittingly recognised in the presentation of this address to you.

Dr. STEPHENSON said—

I was going to speak as a volunteer, because I think a volunteer is worth two pressed men any day. I much wish to add my little tribute, because, when the Centenary movement was originated, I remember with what cheerfulness and alacrity Mr. Kelly and Mr. Harvey met the proposition which I made to them that they should be the Treasurers. When the Centenary observances were approaching their termination, greater duties were put upon me which prevented my carrying the burden any farther, and, indeed, the financial work had rested almost wholly upon my colleagues in the secretaryship from the beginning. I have felt all along that we owed a debt to those who bore the burden when it became not the pleasant

thing to bear that perhaps it was at first, and I am very glad indeed to be at the end of the commemoration, so triumphantly brought to a conclusion by the ingenuity and dexterity of Mr. Westerdale. I am very glad indeed that we are able to express our sense of obligation to the two gentlemen whose names have stood as a guarantee of good faith for this matter in all the years past. I wish to associate myself in the most cordial manner with this presentation.

Dr. E. E. JENKINS said—



I do not know why Mr. Westerdale should ask my assistance at this point. I can say little more than that I appreciate very much indeed the work which has been done, and the crowning of that work to-day. Mr. Kelly's task has been completed, and to his hopefulness,—for he is a hopeful man,—to his incomparable energy, and to his persistent labours, joined with the patience and steadiness of his colleague, we owe a great debt of gratitude. I am thankful to be numbered among those who recognise it and have the privilege of expressing it. This has been a grand day to me. It has been a grand day for the aged who command the memories of the past—a grand day for them to look up at the gallery of great men that they themselves have known or with whose history they are connected and familiar: it has been a grand day for the young—a grander day for them than for us. Because they have the outlook: they have the energy and the faculties to command the future success. I have prayed that the young people may take in the situation of Methodism, and if that they are Methodists now by name and family connection, they may become such by conviction and by consistent labour; for everything depends upon the young. And I rejoice in what my friend Mr. Kelly has done on behalf of the great movement for the retention of the young to Methodism. We want their youth; we want their advanced cultivation:

we want their hopefulness ; and by God's mercy and blessing crowning their labours we have no doubt whatever that if the history of Methodism is glorious, that history will be advanced to still greater heights of glory ; and while we speak a great deal of Mr. Wesley and of men and of leaders, Mr. President, we will give the glory to God.

Mr. J. CALVERT COATES, C.C., said—

As a layman and Trustee of Wesley's Chapel, I have been asked to say in one word how very heartily and sincerely we congratulate Mr. Kelly and Mr. Harvey on this very wonderful achievement. It is a red-letter day with us. Wherever Mr. Kelly is known he is greatly beloved, and Mr. Harvey is one of my most valued and oldest friends, and I felt it was a very great honour to be called upon at that time to speak, not only on my own behalf, but on behalf of my co-Trustees, in joining in sincere congratulations to these Treasurers for what they have so very wonderfully accomplished. I very heartily support the resolution which has been moved.

The PRESIDENT said—

Mr. Kelly,—You have heard the very sincere words spoken by your friends, and I am sure you will accept this acknowledgment of theirs with very much appreciation. You will look with satisfaction on this testimonial, and, what is of even far greater delight to you this evening, your children will look upon this testimonial with satisfaction when you perhaps have passed away.

The Rev. CHARLES H. KELLY, who was received with great applause, said—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am extremely obliged to my friends who have said such very kind things to me and of me. No man has been more richly blessed with friends than I have, and I accept this testimonial with the very greatest gratitude ; but in doing so I feel that I really stand rather in a representative character, because so many people have helped to secure this very happy result. My appointment to the office of treasurer was on the nomination of Dr. Stephenson in the Conference, of which I think he was President, and he

and Mr. Westerdale and Mr. Murrell acted as secretaries. There was an enormous amount of work done by the secretaries quite apart from myself, and an enormous amount of work done at the beginning by the Committee. Then at the end of things the cost of the building was so much more than had been anticipated that over £4000 remained as a debt. It was with that that Mr. Harvey and myself had to grapple. The committee practically was disbanded, but the friends responded splendidly. Still, I may say that on my desk in the Book Room many hundreds of letters were written by my hand, and in response to those letters there was the happiest proof of the kindness of the Methodist people. Then we came almost within sight of the entire removal. Up to the last Conference there was a debt of something like £400 remaining. Mr. Westerdale was nominated for the appointment here. Well, Mr. Westerdale was seized by myself, I may say, as the representative of this district. People sometimes do not give credit to humble men like myself for the genius that they manifest; but when Mr. Westerdale was adrift after the Birmingham episode, when the Conference would not allow him, or anyone else, to stay a fourth year, I felt it was a grand opportunity for City Road; and, whatever other people might then think about it, I do not think there are many of a second opinion to-day. Mr. Westerdale has justified that appointment. The debt of £400 was very soon cleared, and then he had this magnificent scheme, and that scheme is brought to a splendid success. No one rejoices more over Mr. Westerdale's genius and ability and success than I do at this moment, and I am thankful to God for what has been done. I am very thankful that this historic, old, blessed building is now presented to God absolutely as His own, that there is no debt upon it, and that the people who love this shrine can come to it feeling that it is absolutely God's own possession. The history of City Road has been very, very interesting all through. There is more of interest and history about City Road than many people think. There was an old minister died at a hundred a

few years ago ; he was a hundred and four years old when he died ; at least he would have been if he had lived to his next birthday. He said the first time he came to London he got off the coach at what was then the Peacock at Islington, near the Angel, and that there was only one house between the Angel at Islington and Wesley's Chapel. Think how many there are now. He said he remembered getting over a stile at the end of Lombard Street into a sort of field. Think of it. It was not known by many until the application was made for Parliamentary powers as to the new railway that City Road was not a public thoroughfare. So City Road has had a peculiar history. I am glad that in this grand old place, almost in the City—not quite—we have such a splendid edifice as we have. May God, who has enriched the services of this house ten thousand times in the past, enrich the services more blessedly in the future. This has been the home of many a saint ; this has been the birthplace of thousands who are now in bliss, and of many more who are on the way to heaven. God grant that from this day the history, the blessed history of the City Road Chapel, may be such as has never been seen before. One feels to-day that we are on sacred ground ; one feels to-day the honour of being a Methodist preacher, one in that blessed apostolical succession ; and if we can only emulate the faith of our fathers and their work, how blessed that will be ! I thank you, Mr. President, most heartily. I am delighted to think of you as my colleague, and to receive these words from you, words not surprising to me, because I have never had a word from you that was not kindly. From you I receive this with all the more pleasure. No one could present it to me who was more agreeable to me ; and to hear the words of my old friend Dr. Waller and Mr. Walford Green, and all the rest of these old friends, is a solace and comfort and satisfaction to me, and more than a reward for any little thing that I have done for this place, and for the Great Master.



## A Triumphant Success.

The Rev. T. E. WESTERDALE made the following statement—

Mr. President,—I have letters from a great number of people expressing regret that they cannot be present to-night to support you in the chair. Amongst the letters I have received to that effect are letters from Sir Henry Mitchell, Sir Frederick Howard, Mr. Joseph Beckett, J.P., and Sir George Smith. We have received a telegram this afternoon from America saying, "The Methodist Protestant Church of America sends greetings. Philippians



iv. 20, 21: 'Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen. Salute every saint in Christ Jesus. The brethren which are with me greet you,' and this is signed by J. W. Herring, the President. There is an Ex-President who, only up to a few days ago, hoped to be present, but his continued illness prevents him being here. From Cornwall he sends the following telegram:—"Rev. T. E. Westerdale, Wesley Chapel, City Road, London—Deeply regret that my present

indisposition renders it impossible to take my place and say my brief say at to-night's reception in connection with your great gathering. I pray for a blessing upon all your schemes. I am also, I may add, thankful for decided and every way hopeful signs of amendment in my health.—Dr. Rigg, Trevarno, Helston."

On Monday night I explained in detail the objects which the Trustees are seeking to accomplish by this celebration. The first part of our work, which refers to the endowment and settlement of Wesley's House, is a fact accomplished. All the legal negotiations are now completed, and by the Dedicatory Service held this

afternoon the House has ceased to be a ministerial residence, and will, henceforth, be used (1) as a museum; and (2) as a residence for Christian workers whose whole time will be devoted to that work of sympathy and love which entered so largely into the general plan of our Founder's life. For this great result we are, under God's blessing, indebted, in the first instance, to the generous determination of seven brethren, whose action has caused so much interest and mystery during the past few weeks. But now the deed is actually executed, we desire the utmost publicity, and we are more than thankful for those words of unrestrained approval with which Sir Henry Fowler endorsed the transaction this afternoon. In the year 1865 a small band of mission workers in connection with the City Road Quarterly Meeting carried on a little Sunday School Mission in one of the most dismal alleys of Old Bishopsgate. One day Mr. Ralph Smith, a very shrewd and far-seeing man, became impressed with the urgency of securing the freehold of the site on which the little mission school stood. The teachers set to work and they succeeded in raising a sum of £230. With this £230 Mr. Smith, without consulting, I believe, anybody but himself, bought the freehold. In eighteen months, so wonderful was the providence of that transaction, that this £230 of Methodist money was in the ultimate issue converted into £6400. Fortunately for this great movement we are commemorating to-day, the bulk of that money has been left intact during all the thirty years. £1250 of it was given as a donation to the erection of our Radnor Street Schools, and the remainder is now handed over to us absolutely and for ever on the following *three conditions*:—(1) That the money so transferred shall be tied on Wesley's House and the work of God at Wesley's Chapel—that the capital sum shall never be alienated for any other purpose for all time, except by the consent of the Conference previously obtained; (2) that this conveyance should be duly executed by a deed that should make the conditions



binding upon our Trustees and their successors in perpetuity ; and (3)•that in handing over this £5000 the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel should on their part pledge themselves to liquidate all the debts of whatsoever kind connected with the chapel and its premises. I am glad to report that these conditions were at once gratefully and unanimously accepted by the Wesley's Chapel Trustees, and we are here to-night to celebrate not only the acceptance of this memorable gift, but to rejoice in the complete emancipation of these premises from all debt. The moment our people heard what those seven men had done for this venerable chapel, the gifts came pouring in from all parts of the country, and we stand here to-night, in the midst of this magnificent congregation, with not a vestige of liability of any kind whatever resting on any part of Wesley's Chapel, Wesley's House, or connected buildings. In the next place, I have to report that the £5000 endowment is actually in our possession. I hold in my hand the deed—signed by all the contracting parties, not one name absent—a deed which endows for all time the home of the Wesleys, with an annual provision that will be more than sufficient for its maintenance and perpetual good repair. Now, Mr. President, as to the extra thousand. Sir Henry Fowler, with a touch of tender significance, this afternoon asked whether there would be any "fragments remaining." Well, I am glad to say that, as far as Wesley's Chapel is concerned, that policy of uncertainty and unendingness is over—absolutely over. We have had a very serious amount of extra work to do at Wesley's House, costing £480 more than our original estimates ; but it is my joy now to state that, when the contractor leaves Wesley's House, he will leave no debt behind him. We have got the thousand pounds, and that thousand pounds is independent and in addition to all the collections throughout the celebration. On Saturday night the list had risen to £846. I wrote a letter to a dear friend describing the condition in which we found the foundation of Wesley's

House, and told him I would send him one of the rotten piles on which the house had been built, stating that the anticipation and desire of the Trustees now was to place in the hands of our noble President as he took the chair at this meeting to-night to preside over this assembly, to be handed over to the Trustees, a clear thousand pounds. I told him the state of affairs. I did not ask for £5, or £10, or £20, or £50,—I can write begging letters sometimes,—but I left myself in the hands of that gracious Providence which has been overruling the whole of this movement. This is the reply: “Your very kind invitation with programme duly arrived. Words fail to express the pleasure I should feel in being present, but the excitement will be too much for me, as I am only just recovering from the effects of a severe attack of influenza. The relic you are sending I shall prize and take care of. As I have a small part of the pulpit”—I did not know that, but the Lord knew; we must have faith in God—“when it was cut down and altered some years since, made into a frame enclosing an engraving of the Chapel as it appeared at that time, so a piece of the house”—there is the point—“so a piece of the house will be a fit companion with a part of the pulpit.” This is a remarkable and glorious letter! “I rejoice with you at the success under God’s blessing attending your effort, and congratulate you in anticipation of your desire being realised. I enclose a cheque in case you may require a few pounds to complete the thousand pounds.” The cheque enclosed is for £100. “Please withhold my name, and let it appear as from ‘An Old Friend.’” The writer of that letter, Mr. President, was baptized by Robert Newton in this chapel. I have now, therefore, great pleasure on behalf of the Trustees in handing you to-night as Chairman of this meeting a cheque for £1025 as the generous contribution of the guests at the Luncheon this afternoon for the consummation of this scheme. Language fails to express our thanks. To Mr. Kelly I owe more than can be put into words. Day by day,

almost hour by hour, we have consulted together. Unity of aim and method has been our watchword all through. I had no opportunity of thanking Sir Henry Fowler this afternoon for his kind and generous support, but I am bound to say that the promptness and steadiness with which Sir Henry has stood by this settlement has helped perhaps more than anything else to make the work so easy of accomplishment. One word in reference to the house itself, in addition to the statement I made on Monday night. The Trustees wish me to say that Wesley's House in future is going to be not only (*a*) a Methodist museum and (*b*) a home for Christian workers, but we intend to make it a correspondence centre for town and country, so that whenever Methodist parents are sending up their sons or daughters to London, if they will communicate with Wesley's House, there shall always be on the platform at Euston Station, St. Pancras, King's Cross, etc., one of our workers to give a hearty Methodist welcome, and to render any assistance that may be needed at that lonely moment. It is during those first early days in this great city that so many young Methodists are captured, and we mean from Wesley's House, not only to do work in the immediate neighbourhood, but to stretch out our hands of sympathy and help in all directions, and especially in the direction of those who need us most. Our hope is that we may bring into existence an agency that will be of real practical service, especially in the direction of introducing young friends on the threshold of their entrance into this great city, into a circle of Christian friendship and love that will be in some measure a compensation for those happy and protective influences they have left behind them. Wesley's House, therefore, is to be not only a shrine for the devout and curious, but a centre of living Christian service all the year round. And our belief is that so long as the Trustees carry out this programme, they will continue to have the sympathy and support so generously accorded to them on the present occasion.

## A Brief Presidential Deliverance.

The PRESIDENT then rose amid loud cheers and said—

The next item on the programme is the President's address, and I never felt a sense of greater comfort than I do at the present moment. I never in my life felt more equal to the situation than I do at this moment. I am at peace with all mankind. I am full of hope for the world. Some people in this place might think it is owing to the fact that I have a cheque in my pocket. I never before had a cheque for such an amount in my pocket. I will stick to it—and I am sure in my present mood I shall be a blessing to the Connexion for years. But leaving that for the moment, Mr. Walford Green looks to me with great anxiety, but I am not afraid of him or anybody else. I am sure you are greatly to be congratulated on the very clear and satisfactory statement that has been made to us by Mr. Westerdale. If any one wished to criticise,—and you always find these parties about,—I am perfectly sure to every reasonable person the statement that has just been made is not only satisfactory, but it must be to us all a source of the greatest congratulation and triumph. Now, I shall not attempt to speak to you for one moment, but Mr. Westerdale has told you that the foundations of Wesley's House have perished, and then he proceeded to intimate that you might have some relics of the same foundations, if I understood his speech correctly. The foundations of Wesley's House may have perished, but the foundation of the Church that under God John Wesley built standeth sure; and this gathering to-night must be a source of inspiration and delight, not only to us who are now present, but directly to our whole Church. Now, as I say, I shall not detain you to-night. You have heard speakers various and admirable, but I really wish to-night to set an example to the Connexion. You may think it

a very startling declaration, but the business of a Chairman is to occupy the chair; and I shall do that as far as my limited gifts enable me.

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## Recollections of a Preacher's Son.



Sir CLARENCE SMITH said—

Mr. President,—The early life of a Methodist preacher's son is sharply and distinctly divided into periods of three years each, and about thirty years ago it was my privilege for one of those periods to find a home in Wesley's House. It has been officially intimated to me, Mr. Chairman, that my qualification for taking a very humble part in this notable celebration is provided by that fact, and I have been requested to throw back my memory, and to try to speak for a few minutes of some recollections that come back to me of that period. I hope, sir, that I may say with you that I am at peace with all the world, but much regret that I cannot go on to say as you do that I never felt so comfortable in my life. I am very much indebted to you, however, for the introduction you have given me, and for the kind way in which you have commended me to the meeting's sympathy. Well, sir, I suppose that, like most others who have lived in Wesley's House, I have been kept awake many and many a time until half-past one in the morning, when the roar of the traffic—continuous until then—used suddenly and almost mysteriously to cease, and sleep became possible. I have many a time looked out of the top front window of Wesley's House and enjoyed the impressive spectacle presented by Bunhill Fields burial ground in the moon-

light, and indulged in somewhat gruesome reflection on all that lay below the surface of the ground. My memories of Wesley's House are, on the whole, happy ones, and I recall with thankfulness that it was whilst I was there that I became a member of the Methodist Church, and began work as a Sunday school teacher at Radnor Street. I suppose, sir, during those three years I had the privilege, and I availed myself of it, of hearing nearly all our great preachers preach in this chapel. I remember that very famous occasion when this chapel was said to have attracted a larger number of persons than it had ever held before or since—that famous occasion when Dr. Jobson preached the funeral sermon of Daniel Draper, who went down in the *London* in the Bay of Biscay. Sir, those ladies of the congregation who did not faint before that service was over were not in the fashion. We had also great preachers from other denominations. We had Spurgeon, and Binney, the famous pastor of the Weigh House Chapel. They had neither of them preached in City Road before, and I remember noting with amusement and astonishment the open and undisguised nervousness which they both exhibited in the preacher's house before they were brought into the chapel. • It was at City Road, too, sir, that I had the most opportunities of meeting in private life many of those who were princes and captains and great men in our Israel, and I am not sure that the recollections of those private and social meetings do not stand out more sharply in my memory than the sermons which I heard from this pulpit. I shall not soon forget, sir, my introduction to Thos. Jackson—with his venerable and saintly face and long snow-white hair, nor the benediction which he bestowed upon me; and I have equally kindly and affectionate remembrance of my meeting with Charles Prest—who greeted me with a twinkle of the eye, and "Well, young fellow, how long since you were brought home by the police?" It was during this period, too, that I had the most frequent opportunities of meeting

privately my father's dear and lifelong friend, Dr. Punshon. He was not then stationed in London, but he used usually to stay with us during his necessarily frequent visits to town. What impressed me most at that time was his evident desire to be loved, his earnest craving for affection, not for his gifts but for himself, and it was impossible not to see that he earnestly desired the affection even of his friend's boys. I remember, too, that the good Earl of Shaftesbury came to us on one occasion to take tea after he had laid the foundation stone of the school-chapel in Chequer Alley. I am afraid, sir, I cannot remember very much or very many of the faces of the congregation at that time, but there was one good old saint who rises up to my memory. His name was Barker. He was a leader, but he was a leader who sometimes gave a little trouble. He was a little lax in getting in, or in paying in—in getting in, I have no doubt—some of the subscriptions from his class, and the Society stewards were sometimes in difficulties. I remember perfectly well one Sunday morning my father, superintending the circuit, sent for him into the vestry, and when he came into the vestry he said, "Now, Brother Barker, you know what I want," and he received the somewhat unexpected reply, "Yes, sir; more grace." Well, sir, I have one other recollection from which I draw a good augury of the success of the new system. From my recollection there must have been an enormous number of people, most of them perfect strangers, who were shown over portions of Wesley's House during those three years. It was always necessary to point out four things, Wesley's bureau, Wesley's arm-chair, the famous teapot, and the room in which Wesley died. If there were at that time, as I daresay there are now, so very large a number of people who are so zealous and so interested in these things that they would take the trouble to go and knock at the door of a private house occupied by a perfect stranger and demand to be shown those relics, it seems to me perfectly clear that there must be a very much larger number of

persons who will be glad to take the opportunity and come and look at them now. I do not think, Mr. President, that as a Church we are in much danger of inordinate relic-worship, and I do not think that where there is not much danger, it is worth while to fulminate any particular warning against such a sin. Any student of Church history, however, cannot but be struck with the fact that there have existed right through the Christian era two incidental dangers in connection with the collection of relics. The first is that the demand for relics has always been followed by an abundant supply. This was so fully recognised by the Church in the Middle Ages that the Council of Trent, in the middle of the sixteenth century, forbade acceptance or purchase by any Church of new relics "without the approbation of the bishop, given after consultation with theologians and other devout men." I earnestly hope that those who have charge of the Wesley Museum will improve somewhat upon this edict of the Council of Trent, and will not purchase, or even accept, relics which may be offered to them without the assistance, not only of devout, but of experienced men. There is another danger, sir, which, as I have said, a student of history will find to have been almost universal, and it is this. It has been found that the appropriation of relics from the custody of their rightful owners has always been looked upon not only by the Church, but by society in general, as a venial sin, to be met with very small punishment. There would seem to have always been a very large number of persons whom you might trust with untold gold, but whom it would not be safe to leave in the unguarded possession of religious relics. I make a present of that hint also to the Trustees of the Wesley Museum. But, sir, I am very glad that for the future Wesley's House is not to be looked upon simply as a museum for relics. I was extremely pleased to hear from Mr. Westerdale's statement that it was to be looked upon as the centre of earnest Christian work, that there will be found there Sisters of



the People who are willing and ready to go and work among the poor of the surrounding neighbourhood, and who will do their best, successfully, I have no doubt, to bring many of them into connection with the Church. And I am even more glad to know that it is in contemplation to provide an agent—I hope a very able, zealous, and tactful agent—whose duty it will be to look after the young men who come up from the country to this place. My friend Mr. Ross, who is our Army Chaplain at Woolwich, has been able to secure an order there that all recruits who enrol themselves as members of the Wesleyan Church—and they must all enrol themselves as members of some Church, as you know—should parade themselves before him immediately upon their arrival, in order that he may make their acquaintance and interest them in our Church at Woolwich. I am afraid that any such arrangement as that could hardly be carried out in commercial life, but all the more reason that the agent you employ should be the very best man you can obtain. I am perfectly certain that no amount of work, or of zeal, or of ability can be prayerfully and tactfully used in connection with work of this sort that will not be repaid a thousand-fold by results. I apologise, Mr. President, for having detained this meeting so long, and I now only desire to be permitted to add my own congratulations to those which they have already received to the trustees of Wilson Street for the wise and liberal policy which has decided their action with regard to the money which has been left to them—to our good friend Mr. Kelly on the removal of a burden which I know he has felt to be one for a long time, and to Mr. Westerdale for the zeal and resource he has brought to bear upon this question. I congratulate him heartily upon the successful result which he was able just now to announce.

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## A Congregationalist on Entire Sanctification.



Dr. R. F. HORTON said—

Mr. President and my dear Friends,—  
I am obtaining to-night a perfectly new conception of what is meant by the warmth of Methodism. Whether I shall be able to speak to you in an atmosphere which, though so friendly, is so exhausted of oxygen, I am by no means sure. But let me say at the very beginning that I stand within these sacred walls with a feeling of profound veneration, a veneration which is not diminished by famili-

arity, because I never before had the opportunity of seeing the inside of Wesley's Chapel. You will therefore pardon me if this evening I speak to you rather about Wesley than about Wesley's House, because when a pilgrim makes a pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint, he is occupied, as we have just been reminded, first by the relics and then by the saint. I feel that if I say to you anything about that great and saintly name it will sound to you as trite, and yet it must be very pleasant to genuine Methodists to hear the name celebrated by those who can lay no claim to be in the immediate succession. I sometimes think, however, that as Wilkes used to declare that he himself had never been a Wilkesite, and as it has been said that Plato was never himself a Platonist, so in a very true sense it may be said—I hope you will pardon me for saying it—that Wesley in some respects was never himself a Wesleyan. He is one of those saints that must be inscribed on the calendar of every Evangelical Church. And if there is a Church in the world which does not include Saint Wesley in its calendar, by the omission it condemns itself rather than him. Now, to my own mind, the event, not that which we celebrate to-day, the death

of Wesley, but that event which happened sixty years before, in 1738, the conversion of Wesley, was the most important event of the great century in which it occurred. It is a remarkable thing to read two of the great books that were published within the decade in which Wesley was converted — Berkeley's *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, and Butler's great *Analogy*. If you have never read Berkeley's *Alciphron*, which is one of the genuine treats of English literature, you may not be aware that the great Bishop of Cloyne there describes a condition of absolute atheism, of cynical contempt, not only for God, but for truth and for virtue, which you can hardly imagine could ever have existed in the happy country to which you belong. All of you, no doubt, have read the great *Analogy* of Butler, and you will remember that the opening sentence of the preface mentions that it had come, he knew not how, to be generally assumed that the Christian religion was no longer a subject for argument amongst cultivated men. I beg you for a moment to direct your thought to the condition of England in those first three decades of the eighteenth century, when Berkeley and Butler wrote attempting to stem the tide of atheism and unbelief, and then to turn your attention to the closing decade of the century, when the new century was just about to be ushered in by the great promise and fulfilment of the Evangelical Revival, and contrast the end with the beginning. The pivot on which the change was turning was that conversion of the man whose name is in all our hearts to-night. I am with many others to-day, though probably not with many Methodists, a firm believer in and admirer of one of Wesley's masters, William Law, but the more I study and the more I try to imitate the teachings of the great Non-juror, the more profoundly I become convinced that it was not possible for even the author of *The Serious Call* and the *Spirit of Prayer* to be the leader of a great revival which could change the face of England. We thank God that Wesley knew William Law, and sat at his feet, but

we also thank God that Wesley rose from the feet of William Law to sit at the feet of Another. We recognise that while William Law might dig the dykes, it was John Wesley who filled them with the streams of living water which transformed our country and the world. Now, I feel myself very unsuited for speaking upon such a theme as this to a congregation of Methodists. I am afraid if I had to pass an examination in the volumes of Wesley's Sermons I should not obtain a class, while I understand, my friends, that you, one and all, have so intimate a knowledge of the fifteen volumes of the great saint's sermons that you can at any moment not only describe their contents, but subscribe to all their doctrines, and in the presence of those who are thus competent I tremble to speak lest every sentence I utter should reveal my ignorance. But if you will allow me as a Congregationalist who is proud, indeed, to-night to stand upon this platform, and to bring a tribute to John Wesley, which, after all, is brought by the whole of England and America, and by all the living Church in all the world—if you will allow me, I should like to say what, from the Congregationalist standpoint, appear to be some of the great and inestimable benefits that we owe to the man whom you and we alike venerate and love.

Now, first of all, what always appeals to some of us the most in Wesley is that he is of all the great leaders of religion the man who presents the most perfect example of the consecrated intellect. It is sometimes forgotten by those who write about Wesleyanism to-day that the founder of Wesleyanism was one of the most brilliant, and the most cultured, and the most richly-equipped intellects of the eighteenth century. I do not know whether you remember that in his early days he had a certain leaning towards an excessive intellectualism, and that one of the most charming episodes in the relations of John Wesley and William Law was the occasion when the great and learned Non-juror exhorted John Wesley not to attempt a philosophical system of religion, because, as he said,

philosophy in such a connection is unnecessary; the Christian religion, after all, is a simple thing, and can be expressed in a sentence: "We love Him because He first loved us." But that episode illustrates that the prevailing tendency of Wesley's character was towards a philosophical statement of the Christian faith; and when I come to study the Wesley writings, it is that characteristic of them which fascinates my Congregationalist mind. The closely-knit thought of every sermon that I ever read of his, the apt illustration, the beautiful literary allusion, are what seem to distinguish his sermons from the usual dreary productions of the eighteenth century. He used to say at the close of his life that he was *homo unius libri*—a man of one book; and, of course, the one book was *the Book*, the Bible, which was the foundation and substance of all his evangelistic power. But if John Wesley was at the end of his life a man of one book, he had certainly been at some time or another a man of almost all books; for I never read any modern sermons which betray anything like so extensive an acquaintance with not only the sacred, but even the profane literature of the world. I have a theory—it may be wrong—and in the presence of so many Wesleyan theologians I must be very deferential—but I have a theory that when we are told in the Epistle to the Ephesians that we are to put on the helmet of salvation, a helmet which you find from the reference is a helmet to save other people, it is a hint given to us by the Apostle Paul that a very important part of the saving apparatus is the brain—and that it is above all things necessary that the brain of the winner of souls should be protected from softening of every description. Now, will you allow me to say, with great deference, that when I look upon the England of to-day, it seems to me that we, as Free Churchmen, and even as Protestants, are to some extent losing our hold upon the country by a certain want of trained intellectual power. It seems to me that a great deal of our teaching and of our preaching is based upon a very weak and

washy theology, a theology which is not very definite to the preacher, and which certainly gives to the hearers the impression that was once conveyed by an American candidate at an election, when he said, "Now, gentlemen, these are my principles, and if they do not suit you, they can be changed." There is in a great deal of our writing and teaching to-day an accommodation to the prevailing fault of the modern mind, which is an impatience of sustained argument, a dislike of any form of speech which does not immediately amuse—and a passionate interest in everything which is merely anecdotal, and which for that very reason is totally incapable of building up a strong and noble manhood. There is nothing I dread so much in our own churches—and I speak in comparative ignorance of yours—as the witty and ingenious preacher, who bristles with nice little stories, makes his audience laugh once or twice in every sermon, and sends them away with the delightful feeling that they have been at an entertainment, instead of listening to the solemn voice of God. Now I cannot tell whether this tendency has come to stay, but if there is one thing calculated to arrest and to change it, it is a reversion to the method and to the style of the saint whose name is celebrated to-day.

But now will you let me pass to another of those points in Wesley's career which are intensely attractive to me, and, I think, to my fellow Congregationalists: I refer now to the abounding energy of the man's life. I could almost imagine that the familiar saying of his was a text of Scripture, that all the world was his parish, and when I read the life of Wesley I should fancy it was a romance but that I know my friend Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. I should like to tell you, as a little secret, that I am often unpleasantly reminded of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes's preternatural activity. I receive from every part of the country a letter, which might be a lithographed form for the uniformity of its contents, running to this effect: "Dear Sir,—Will you come and speak at such and such a

meeting of the Congregational Church in this town? The Methodists are always bringing to the town their distinguished leaders. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes was preaching there last week, and we entreat you to come and do for us a similar service." Now, whether the object of inviting me is to counteract the effect of Mr. Hughes's mission; whether I am supposed to redress his outrageous radicalism, whether I am expected to restore the town to sobriety and sanity, I cannot tell; but this letter, which is despatched to me from a good many of the fifty-two counties of England, gives me an impression of the abounding activity of at least one of your famous ministers of to-day. But just to return for a moment to Wesley. All the world is his parish, he says. Now I, as a Congregationalist, attach the greatest importance to my own little parish, and when I think of my Methodist brothers who come and go so rapidly in my neighbourhood that I seldom am able to do more than know them by sight, I feel a great compassion for them that they are never allowed to learn what to me is the sweetest part of the minister's life in a city like this, the intimate knowledge of the people, the little children who grow up under your hand, the young men and maidens whom you have known as children and are then permitted to marry, and then the second generation appearing, giving even to a comparatively young minister the sense of being a patriarch among the tribes of Israel. I value more than I can tell you the joys and the opportunities of this limited parish of the Congregational Church, but at the same time I try to fix my eyes upon John Wesley's grand idea, and to feel that when I leave my little circle at home I have not left my parish, but have got out into some of the environs and suburbs—the great parish of the world—and I bless John Wesley for the fact which was comparatively strange to England in the eighteenth century, that a man may in a humble way aspire to be a minister, not of this town, not of this village, nor even of this great city, but a minister of the whole country to which he

belongs, one who seeks to save men wherever his own tongue is spoken.

But now I am surprised to find that I am able to go on talking in this atmosphere. It is due, I think, to the spiritual warmth which to some extent counteracts the depressing effects of this physical heat, and therefore I shall try to close by referring to what is in some respects the most important contribution which Wesley has made to me personally, and to those who work upon my lines—I refer to Wesley's teaching on the doctrine of Christian perfection. Amongst my choicest treasures is this little book, which is called *Entire Sanctification*. I suppose everyone in this place to-night knows it almost by heart, and I suppose that few of you bearing the honoured name of Wesley would venture to retain the name of Wesley unless you sought to practise the teachings of that little book. His teaching upon that subject is to me so sane, so winning, so convincing, that I have often wondered whether any Christian could seriously read the book and remain in doubt concerning the doctrine. It was John Wesley who first taught me to understand that Christian perfection is a goal to aim at, and, in a certain sense, to be achieved, and that all is summed up in the supreme and perfect thought of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. And I am touched beyond description in sitting on this platform to-night by looking at these little medallions under the gallery. I do not know whether this was Wesley's idea, but it is evidently the very heart of the Wesley whom I love and honour. He has put within the reach of his eye when he stands in the pulpit, hovering over the heads of the people to whom he would speak, bearing up, as it were, upon its wings, the people crowding to the roof of the chapel—he has put the sacred emblem of the Holy Ghost—he has put there the little twig of peace, and has suggested the thought to all that our ministry is nothing unless it fills the hearts of the people with this Divine love, and enables them not only to love one



another, but to carry the olive branch of the Divine peace over the troubled waters of the world. And I feel that in this Chapel of John Wesley the whole thought of Christian perfection, sanctification by the Holy Ghost, must be a theme so familiar and so dear that surely I should return from this meeting with a better understanding of its meaning and a readier inclination to follow its dictates. As I read this little book of Wesley's, my Methodist friends, what a strange passion it creates in the soul! What thirsting after the living God! What eager longing to be clean, not only on the lip, not only in the hand, and in the foot, but clean in the foundation of the heart. What a suggestion it gives of that divine possibility, and that gracious purpose of our Lord and Saviour who designed to cleanse His people from their sins. I have many things that encourage me, and must have encouraged you during this meeting; but every year I live I attach less importance to these outer encouragements. I am less concerned to see a crowded building, less concerned to see an overflowing coffer, but more passionately concerned to find out how our hearts may be crucified with Christ, and how we may become sanctified in word and thought and deed, so that all the world may know the meaning of our Redeemer, and may see the record of the Redeemer written in His regenerated Church. May that 'chief blessing of John Wesley descend upon this great gathering assembled to-night in Wesley's Chapel!

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## The Secret of Wesley's Success.



The Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A., said—

Mr. President and Brethren,—This is the closing and crowning meeting of one of the most remarkable religious festivals that have ever been held even in London. We have had with us during this week the ever-genial and truly catholic Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Monro Gibson, the representative both of his important Church and of the National Council of the Free Churches, Dr. Clifford, the great preacher who was here this morning—Dr. Parker, and now my gifted and devout friend Dr. Horton, to whom we have all listened with such delight and profit. We have also had Alderman Duckworth, a distinguished representative of the minor Methodist Churches. What does it all mean? And with the extraordinary exception of myself, all the speakers to-night are Ex-Presidents. I begin to think, What have I to do in this galley? Mr. Westerdale has not explained to me why I am here. I never spent three years, like my friend Sir Clarence Smith, in Wesley's House. I seem almost like the proverbial fly in amber. I am in it; but how in the world I got in I don't know—a mere circuit minister after all these grandees! I suppose it was the extraordinary pitifulness of Mr. Westerdale, who thought that he would let you down gently to an ordinary level after you had been walking awhile on the lofty sunlit heights of Ex-Presidential glory. At anyrate I am devoutly thankful to be here. For one thing, I am the most old-fashioned Methodist preacher now extant. As such I seem to have a legitimate place here. But how can we account for this

extraordinary representative gathering? We account for it partly because Mr. Westerdale is one of the most astounding advertising and organising geniuses the world has ever seen. But, Mr. President, as several have said already, even Mr. Westerdale could not have achieved this thing without the magic of Wesley's name; and I hope, Mr. President, that from this time forward you will enact by infallible and unalterable decree that nobody is ever again to belittle and insult him by calling him Mr. Wesley—Saint Wesley, if you like, or John Wesley. But Mr. Wesley is as ridiculous as John Wesley, Esq., would be. You do not speak of Mr. Bunyan or Mr. Shakespeare, and this is one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived—John Wesley. That is the magical name that explains these extraordinary gatherings. Anyone can “call spirits from the vasty deep”—I called the Dean of Canterbury the other day, and failed—“but will they come when you do call them?” They do not come to me. But they have come to Mr. Westerdale, because, although, like Archimedes, he is a great genius that can move the world, he must have a fulcrum for the purpose, and the fulcrum is John Wesley. There are some men who make a great deal of noise in their time, and who are completely forgotten as soon as the dust is gathered over their mortal remains. There are others who survive. There is a very small class of men who not only survive, but grow larger and more influential from age to age. Wesley is one of them. He is a mightier influence in human life to-day than when he fell asleep in Christ a century ago. He has not had a poet like Dante, a painter like Giotto, and a biographer like Sabatier. Had these advantages been given to him, he would have been as universally known and as much revered and loved to-day wherever the English language is spoken as is the name of St. Francis in Italy. He has had, Mr. President, excellent chroniclers and pamphleteers, but no literary genius with his ineffable touch has yet given us the biography of John Wesley. St. Francis of Italy had to wait five hundred years for

his biographer, and it may be that five hundred years hence God may create some man with the necessary gifts to depict visibly and fully the romantic, the world-compelling career of the greatest preacher of the Gospel that ever spoke and wrote the English tongue. In the meantime, God help us all to fall back on Wesley's own *Journal*. Mr. Birrell said the other day in his remarkable lecture on Wesley that it was as wonderful and instructive a book with respect to the eighteenth century as Boswell's *Johnson*. It is even more so. I have succeeded, Mr. President, as you may be aware, in getting Wesley's *Journal* placed among the books that our probationers are advised to read. I had to begin very gently and delicately, because, as you know, the Methodist Conference is a very timid body, and it may be easily alarmed by a few well-directed shocks ; but, dealing gently, I got it into that list. I am not satisfied yet ; Welshmen seldom are ; Welshmen never will be until the millennium comes. But I hope soon to persuade the Conference to compel every probationer for our ministry to read one of those books, to study one of those volumes, during each year of his probation ; and I should exceedingly like myself to be the examiner. Nothing could do our young ministers so much good as to be saturated with Wesley's *Journal*. The three greatest, because the three most formative and powerful books produced by Englishmen during the last three centuries, are George Fox's *Journal*, Wesley's *Journal*, and Newman's *Apologia*, but the greatest of these three is Wesley's *Journal*. Within a hundred years of his death he is represented by an actually organised community of not less than thirty millions of people all the world over. What is the secret of it?—what is the explanation of this unparalleled ecclesiastical phenomenon ? My friend Dr. Horton has anticipated some of the answers I proposed to give. The first is the one he mentioned first, the real and conscious conversion of John Wesley in Aldersgate Street. Dr. Horton did not go too far when he said that it was the most important event in the eighteenth

century. The beginning of the great work which we celebrate to-night was *the conscious conversion* of John Wesley, when his heart was strangely warmed within him, and when the assurance was given him that his sins were blotted out. That is the very first condition of all progress, both in the Church and in the State. "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul," and the scriptural, evangelical conversion of John Wesley was the beginning of modern England. I remember some years ago attending a meeting at Exeter Hall when this truth was somewhat strikingly expressed by a workman who spoke on that occasion. It was the annual meeting of the Christian Railwaymen's Association. There they were, some of the finest working men in the country, with their wives and sweethearts; they had all come up with free passes from the different railway companies. As was most appropriate, the good Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair. There were several of us who spoke, and I believe we spoke pretty well—but I am bound to say the best speech was made by a working man, and from the general sturdy appearance of the fellow, I assumed that he was an engine-driver. He was a railwayman, and the observation of his which brought down the house more than anything said by Queen's chaplains or anybody else that night was something to this effect: Now, my lord, there are many people who say to us working men—Educate, educate, educate; and we are much indebted to Mr. William Forster for the Education Bill, and we should like to have a little more in the same direction. There are others who say to us working men: Legislate, legislate, legislate; and we think the House of Commons and the House of Lords should do a great deal more for us than they have up to now. But while we say, Educate, educate, educate, and Legislate, legislate, legislate, we also say, Regenerate, regenerate, regenerate—and that immense audience of working men answered with thunders of applause. No legislative improvements, no amount of

education can compensate any man for the absence of that great work of God in his own heart by which he becomes a new creature; and it is because I am so conscious that this is the very and only foundation upon which it is possible for us to build, that I am alarmed when I hear mutterings and phrases about "dearth of conversions." I heard a very distinguished man say some time ago that "conversion is a lost art." God forbid! There is nothing that we Methodists need more urgently than the soul-converting power. The best way to edify a saint is to convert a sinner; and may God grant to us again in larger measure than ever the power which was the secret of John Wesley's own ministry. But, Mr. President, in addition to being a truly converted man, and therefore a man able to speak about religion as a man who understood it and not as a mere theorist and speculator, John Wesley was a *very great theologian*. He was not only one of the most accomplished Oxford men of his day, as my friend Dr. Horton is of the present day—but he was a great theologian, and I have always contended that he was the first of scientific theologians—in the modern sense of the word scientific. Everyone knows that the greatest achievement in modern thought was that of Bacon when he taught us that we must always bring all our theories and all our speculations and doctrines and dogmas to the test of Verification. Now none of our definitions of the Church or of Divine truth are scientifically established until they are proved and demonstrated in human experience. But compare in this matter the extraordinary difference between John Wesley and John Henry Newman, both of whom exert incalculable influence in England to-day. John Wesley, as we have been reminded, was *homo unius libri*—a man of one book—a man who brought all his speculations and theories to the test of the Bible. John Henry Newman, on the other hand, when he was asked to join the company of Revisers, frankly confessed that biblical studies had never been a special feature of his life; and in all his changes of opinion from Anglicanism

to Romanism, he never once quotes the Bible as the cause of the change. \* It is always some mediæval Father, or some ancient divine, or some musty book that he had fished out of the Bodleian Library, or some man who had been just converted from Paganism, and who knew less of the Bible and the foundations of Christianity than the average Sunday-school teacher of to-day who has been converted to God. That was the first vital difference: the Methodist Movement founded upon the Bible; Newman's Movement founded upon the Fathers and ill-instructed mediæval theologians. Secondly, Newman himself, in that most instructive *Apologia* of his, confesses that all the time he preached at St. Mary's in Oxford, and produced that tremendous effect on two generations of young Englishmen which we witness all over the land to-day,—during the whole of that time when he was the pastor of that parish—he was very different from Dr. Horton—he did not know one of his parishioners. He went from his study to the Bodleian Library, and from the Bodleian Library to St. Mary's Church, and then back to his study. It was all in the clouds, it was all speculative, it was all literary! He never consulted the Methodists in Oxford, he never went to class, he was never at a Lovefeast, he never heard men testify of the power of Jesus Christ to save and sanctify on earth. And so it has come to pass that he propounded a doctrine of the Church which has corrupted and perverted and incalculably injured the Established Church of this country, a doctrine of the Church for which there is no verification in actual life, a doctrine of the Church which leaves the majority of Christians outside the Church. Could anything be more unscientific? The greatest apologist of Anglicanism at this moment was asked some time ago, "But, my dear sir, your definition of the Church leaves outside the Church eighty millions of the most earnest Christians in the world. What have you to do with them?" "Oh," he replied, "I have nothing to do with them." Now, Mr. President, consider how unscientific

and absurd that attitude is ! Suppose, for instance, I was a lecturer on Astronomy, like my friend Sir Robert Ball, and that I was giving you a lecture on Stars, and it had been as good a lecture as his, and you were greatly delighted, and the object was to define a star ; and suppose some disagreeable critic got up at the end of my brilliant lecture and said, " Mr. Lecturer, there are at least eighty millions of stars shining brightly in the sky, that cannot be included in your definition of a star," and I said, " I have nothing to do with them"—how you would laugh at my absurd definition and my ridiculous answer ! Now, that is the precise attitude of all who try to rule out of the Christian Church those who are not of their opinion. For the moment they have triumphed in the Anglican communion, but I unhesitatingly prophesy on this historical spot that a doctrine of the Church which is founded on speculation and fiction and delusion is founded upon sand, that it cannot last forever ; and that the only doctrine of the Church that will last is the doctrine that is founded on the solid rock of actual human experience, and that was where John Wesley built the Methodist Church.

“ What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell ;  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.”

“ The signs infallible ” are found neither in Rome nor in Canterbury, but in the sanctified soul of the true believer, and that is why I am quite sure that whatever the Higher Criticism, or lower criticism, or any other criticism, may do, whatever may be brought to light by the interesting discovery of ancient documents that have been lost for centuries, the doctrine of John Wesley, founded not upon any theory, speculation, or controversy, but upon the Word of God, and the actual experience of the human heart, will stand fast for ever and ever. Thirdly, Mr. President, this astonishing servant of God was not only truly converted



and sanctified, and also a great theologian, beginning indeed with all sorts of errors and narrow views, but emancipating himself from them by the honest study of the Word of God, and by the experience of the humble Christians whom he met, but he was also *a great ecclesiastical statesman*. Trace the difference between Wesley and Whitefield. I suppose Whitefield's ministry was more immediately effective, but he despised organisation. He poured contempt even upon the necessary amount of "red tape." He said, "Let the Spirit of God work in the human heart. Why should I trouble myself? God can do His own work!" What an absurd idea—life without organisation—the soul without a backbone and all the other essentials of the body. The thing is impossible. What was the result? The great effect of Whitefield's mighty preaching may have to some extent leavened human society, and it did, on both sides of the Atlantic; but for permanent purposes he has passed away, and his own particular evangel is represented by about fifty churches to-day. But when John Wesley preached there might not be so immediate a result, but with the spirit of an inspired statesman, if there were only five people converted, he bound them together in a class and made one of them leader. Therefore when he came back to that neighbourhood in the following year he found that in the dear fellowship of the Visible Church they had watched over one another, and protected one another, and so had multiplied in his absence. Hence it came to pass that while his great colleague has scarcely a monument left on earth, the Church organised by Wesley is the largest Protestant Church in the whole world to-day. We are so accustomed to these things that we do not realise the splendid foresight and audacity of the little man. Would to God that we had something more of it in our hearts! Think of the tremendous revolution involved in opening the mouths of the laymen on a systematic and gigantic scale after they had been shut for a thousand years! Of course these benefits were not con-

fined to ourselves. We have nearly seventeen thousand local preachers in our own communion; but from the important and valuable Free Church Handbook, published this very week, I find that the great Evangelical Churches which are now so happily associated together—have among them now not less than forty thousand local preachers. This is the direct result of that splendid innovation on the part of John Wesley. I need not dwell upon the wonderful movement which has been such a blessing to our communion in all parts of the world talked about as the “Forward Movement.” Why, Mr. President, you have not been the Editor very many years, and therefore what I am about to say is not ancient history. Your venerable predecessor had a conversation with me not very long before you succeeded him, when there was a great deal of discussion about the Forward Movement. He thought, and I thought, that it would not be a bad thing if I explained in the *Methodist Magazine* the meaning of the Forward Movement. He said, “By all means; but whatever you do you must not use that phrase”—it would have been too alarming ten years ago. Yet the original founder of the Forward Movement was not my distinguished friends Dr. Stephenson and Mr. Charles Garrett, who are the modern pioneers—but John Wesley himself. Nothing has been done by the most eccentric representative of the Forward Movement approaching what he did. As for that other Methodist representative of the Forward Movement, General Booth, who has rendered imperishable service, why, my friend Mr. Stead, in his ignorance of Methodism, has ascribed to General Booth all sorts of splendid deeds which he regards, especially in social work, as innovations and immense improvements, deeds which were done by John Wesley nearly one hundred years before General Booth was born. I tell you, Mr. President, that instead of having anybody now alive who is in advance of John Wesley, he is still five hundred years in advance of the whole lot of us. And the reason why I want all our ministers to be saturated

with Wesley's Journal is partly a selfish one—I should have no more trouble with the Methodist Conference. I assure you, Mr. President, that under those circumstances all the reforms I want would be carried out immediately—for the very quintessence of the statesmanship of Wesley was the sanctified common sense which was ever adapting the organisation of Methodism to the conditions of continued success, and you cannot attribute to any ecclesiastical statesman a higher quality than that. But let me say in conclusion, there was one other feature of John Wesley to which Dr. Horton referred at the close of his beautiful and devout address which, much as Wesley differed from Newman, I am glad to think he shared with Newman and with Fox and with Francis of Assisi—he was *a true saint*! He was not only converted and a great theologian, and a marvellous ecclesiastical statesman, but he was a saint. He preached and practised the highest kind of Christianity. I think of that saintly woman who on her deathbed thanked John Wesley that he had preached in her hearing such high doctrine—not high ecclesiastical doctrine, but high devotional doctrine. I feel the great significance and the great responsibility of this occasion. I am the last speaker who is to speak at any length, and in the very sight of God I want as my last word on a great historic Methodist occasion to express a deep conviction as to the greatest immediate need of the people called Methodists. Our greatest need is not more conversions, though I would to God we had them every week in every sanctuary. Our greatest need is not even to carry out Mr. Perks' noble scheme, which has been received with so much courage and cheerfulness. There is something that we want more than an addition to our ranks, and immeasurably more than money, and that is a deepening of the spiritual life of our ministers, our lay officers, and our Church members. We need above everything else, most urgently, at this very hour to preach and to practise a Christlike Christianity. And if I could say or do anything to echo and to enforce the prophetic appeal

which Dr. Horton has addressed to us to-night, oh, how thankfully would I do it! In his Christian charity Dr. Horton has ascribed to us knowledge and virtues we do not possess. Alas, alas! we are not familiar with Wesley's teaching on the subject of entire sanctification. That little book is not the daily study of every Methodist in England. I remember when I began to study it I was a very young local preacher. I used to ride on a little pony about the hills of Wales, and read that book. I confess that personally I have found Fletcher's writing more helpful than Wesley's on this question. At that time I was not so familiar with that *Fifth Check*, the best book ever written on the subject, in my judgment. But I read *Wesley on Entire Sanctification*, and I remember how at that time I used to get off the little pony and kneel down by the wayside, and in a very passionate agony pray God to sanctify me. What an intense longing for full sanctification comes to young Christians! There was no one to help me. Those days were not even as good as these, and the feeling passed away for many years. I was never, Mr. President, although I had been a successful soul-winner, and thousands had been converted under my ministry, I was never quite sure that I was truly converted until many years afterwards, when living at Brighton. There, by the great mercy of God, after a long struggle, I made the Great Renunciation; I sold all I had; I forsook all I had; I did deliberately give myself up to Christ, and although I have committed many sins since then, and have fallen short of my ideal, I thank God that the attitude of my soul has never altered from that day to this, and at this moment with all my heart I do intensely desire that the will of God may be done in me and through me and by me. I have no human desire or ambition of any sort—God who knows all things knows that—except that I may be used as He would use me now! Can you all say that? Can every man in this audience who calls himself a Methodist say that? How frequently we quote

the epigrammatic words of John Wesley until they lose their meaning! One of the profoundest sentences he ever uttered was that in the providence of God the mission of Methodism was to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land. Observe the safeguard—scriptural holiness. A sane teacher indeed, as Dr. Horton said. Oh that we might all resolve now, at this historic spot of Wesleyan Methodism, that with more ardour and intensity and devotion than ever, from this very hour we will seek to understand the nature of scriptural holiness and by the power of God to realise it. It may be that in this age we are not so sympathetic as men were a hundred years ago with abstract statements of truth. We like to be a little more concrete. I believe that a modern audience cannot quite understand the extremely abstract way in which Wesley and the Christian teachers of his time were accustomed to express Divine truth. Shall I put it in this form—the best Christian is the Christlike Christian. Our one duty under all circumstances is to do what Christ would have done if He had been in our place. Now, are we willing to do it? That is the first point. For there are many earnest Christians who have certain reservations in their own minds. They are willing to imitate Christ ninety-nine times out of a hundred, but they are conscious in the background of their thought that there is one thing that they are not willing to give up, or that they are not willing to do, even if it be the will of Christ. That is the fly in the pot of ointment; that is what spoils everything. Even in the case of the rich young ruler—one of the best men who ever lived—for remember Christ loved him when He saw him, which is only said of four persons, John the Apostle, Martha, Mary, and this young man; he was so good, and had kept all the commandments from his youth, yet he was conscious of a great lack but only one lack, and I believe it generally happens that there is only one thing that stands between the converted man and the enjoyment of that Full Salvation which Christ has come

to bestow upon us. Oh that God would so take the Methodists back through this historic festival to Wesley and to the teaching of Wesley and to the personal experiences of the best Methodists in all generations, that we may have in the immediate future not more conversions—in many places we are not fit to receive them yet—not more money—but first and foremost and greatest of all, such an outpouring upon ourselves, who are already members of the Methodist Church, of the sanctifying grace of God, that we may live as the great saints of old lived before us. And let us, Mr. President, as the final outcome of this astonishing and representative meeting—for there are some of our people here from all parts of the country—let those of us who are here, the representatives of our brethren everywhere who will hear and who will read of this meeting, resolve now, as we are here, now under the very roof under which Wesley himself so often preached, within a few yards of the spot where his dust lies—now in memory of all the wonderful blessings and privileges with which God has crowned our lives—let us all resolve that we, too, will consecrate ourselves to the service of God and man as Wesley consecrated himself—definitely, whole-heartedly, and, God helping us, now.

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## A Well-Deserved Acknowledgment.

The collection having been taken, the Rev. CHARLES H. KELLY said—

Mr. President, the resolution that I have to propose is this—

That this meeting gratefully acknowledges the inestimable value of the decision by which the Wilson Street Trustees have handed over to the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel the £5000 of which they were the custodians, and desires to place on record its high appreciation of those sentiments and considerations which have led them to make this memorable endowment.

If I were to speak for half an hour, Mr. President, I could not express more fully my feeling than this resolution does. The Wilson Street Trustees have done a noble thing, a very wise thing, and I am quite sure future generations of Methodism will thank them for it. I propose this resolution most heartily, and I trust that they will accept it with very great pleasure.

Dr. STEPHENSON said—

I will imitate the wisdom of my good friend who has just moved this resolution, only congratulating the Wilson Street Trustees upon the possession of an extraordinary amount of sanctified common sense, an article greatly needed, and not always forthcoming. But I would like, in reference to one remark of Dr Horton's, to say, for the information of many of our friends, that when the chapel—this historic chapel—was restored, and I speak with intimate knowledge of the circumstances, it was made to be as nearly as possible a reproduction of the chapel as it existed. It is true, for instance, that the pillars which are here are all solid marble, and took the place of wooden pillars which were painted to look like them. These pillars represent the various Methodist Churches of the world, and were the gifts of those several religious communities. The

ornamentation round the gallery is precisely what it was in John Wesley's time. The ceiling is not the same ceiling, because it is four feet higher, and it was impossible to lift the plaster. The beams and all the rest of it are not the same ceiling, but very careful models were taken, so that this ceiling is an absolute *facsimile*, cherubim and all, of the ceiling as it used to be looked upon in John Wesley's day. The arrangements of the communion enclosure have not been altered, and so far as could be consistent with the thorough renovation and modernisation of the building, these things present the aspect they did when John Wesley himself was ministering here. This is a fact which I think may be of some interest, and though Dr. Horton himself has gone, I think many will be glad to be assured that it is so. Now, sir, I would like, just as one who had a good deal to do with the Centenary movement in the year 1889, to say how heartily I congratulate all friends who, long after it had passed out of my hands, have brought it to this admirable and successful conclusion. I wish we could have done it all at once, but then you cannot always do all things at once. We were thought to be quite out of our minds ten years ago when we talked about raising £10,000. That did not include a great deal of the work that was afterwards resolved upon. I suppose it has cost practically more than £20,000 to do what has been done here. I am told it is £25,000 or £26,000, and I hold that not a penny too much has been spent. £25,000 is not much ; they have spent a great deal more than that in bricks already for the Roman Catholic Cathedral at the other end of London, and that is not so important a building as this is by a long way. I think we may congratulate ourselves that we have done it by the grace of God, and I can do it the more because my connection with it ceased after a few years, when I was called to other responsibilities. We may congratulate ourselves that we have done a good thing, that we have done a thing that will be of lasting good, upon which our children and our children's children will look with



thankfulness, and that it has been done at a reasonable and moderate cost. I heartily second the resolution of appreciation of the action of the Wilson Street Trustees.



The resolution was carried by acclamation, and Mr. WILLIAM POPE (representing the Wilson Street Trustees), in response, said—

My Friends,—I presume I have been asked to reply to this resolution as having been the Secretary of this Trust for the last eighteen years. The new Trust was formed eighteen years ago, and I think the appointment was a very wise one. Our friends were all deeply interested in the work in connection with Wilson Street, and they have done what they claim no very great credit for having done—they have done their best to conserve the large amount that was committed to their care, spending only the income annually upon the work of God in this circuit. We have had no quarrels with regard to it, because we were all friendly and kindly and well-disposed towards this movement. Whatever there was of the cantankerous and the faddy in the old Wilson Street Trustees was eliminated from it at the formation of this new Trust, and we do not take any credit to ourselves for what we have done. We have done what I presume hundreds of other Trusts through our Connexion would have been pleased to do, had they been similarly situated. It is very grateful to us to-night to have the endorsement of this large and influential congregation to this last act of the body as a Trust, and we have done it readily and promptly under the guiding hand and inspiring spirit of the present superintendent of this circuit, whom we all love. We felt as soon as he came into the circuit that he was a man of commanding influence, a man with a magical influence and power upon those with

whom he came into contact, and he has led us kindly and wisely and judiciously, and he has almost got us to do whatever he liked. We responded promptly and readily to his call, and, as I say, we are very pleased to have the endorsement of this large and representative gathering to this last act of this Trust; and we pray that the Divine blessing will rest upon the work that has to be carried out in connection with this new movement, and that it may be of lasting service in the future to the Church of God in this place, to the Society in connection with this chapel, and to the whole of the Methodism of this metropolis.

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### Concluding Compliments.

The Rev. D. J. WALLER, D.D., said—

Mr. President,—in this very carefully prepared programme all will have noticed that the word “speech” appears before three names. Afterwards there are certain names in connection with the moving and seconding of resolutions,—the “speeches” being evidently the important business of the meeting. Mr. Hughes, who knew that I had to follow, intimated that his was the last considerable speech in regard to length, for indeed he knows quite well that I am always very brief in comparison with himself. I should like to warn Mr. Hughes against making playful remarks about Ex-Presidents. Ex-Presidents have been defined as men who have seen better days—but the late Mr. William M. Bunting said that he should have liked very much to have been elected an Ex-President. Now, Mr. Hughes does not know what is before him, and I should like to put him on his guard. Sir Henry Fowler threw out an idea that it would have been better a few years ago if, when the great effort was made for

City Road, we should then have made a complete business of it. Now, sir, if all had been expended, and all the money had been raised at that time, we should have been deprived of one of the most enjoyable and profitable days that I have ever known in connection with this sanctuary. Sir Henry Fowler also said that Methodists rose more willingly to a great scheme than to a small one, and I thoroughly believe it. There is a great scheme looming before the Connexion at this moment—the Million Scheme! I believe the Methodist Church will be equal to the occasion, for as I visit different parts of the country, I find that the idea—to use an Americanism—has “caught on.” If the scheme is carefully organised and well launched, it will come to a successful conclusion, and be an incalculable blessing to our Church. I was reading in that excellent paper, the *Methodist Recorder*, the other day, a communication from the Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh, in which he mentioned a speech delivered in this chapel by the late Philip Hardcastle, in connection with the effort to secure the freehold. The site of Wesley's Chapel was leasehold, and of course Wesley knew that the lease would expire. When that lease did run out, it cost the Methodists £10,000. In connection with the effort at the time Philip Hardcastle made a famous speech in this chapel, and in his inimitable way he referred to the fact that Joseph commanded the children of Israel to take up his bones with them when they went from Egypt. But, said he, John Wesley, who was buried behind the chapel, never told his people to be sure to take away his bones when the lease expired: John Wesley had faith to believe that the house he had built for God would be God's house for ever, and that when the lease expired, the people would rise to the occasion. Mr. President, I think John Wesley would have rejoiced, if he had been with us to-day, to know how completely Mr. Westerdale and others have succeeded in the great movement we are celebrating. I have been asked to move a resolution, and although no resolution has been put in my hands, I

see that you, Mr. President, have to respond. I therefore propose—

That the very best thanks of this meeting be given to the President for his able conduct of the meeting. Our President has been a model chairman this evening.

The Rev. JOHN S. SIMON (of Bristol) said—

I suppose what was necessary was a breath from the country. I think I am the only countryman who has spoken this evening, and you have assigned to me a most pleasant duty. We look upon you, sir, as a President whose residence is in London, but whose parish is the whole of the country, and wherever you come you are enthusiastically welcomed. We thank you heartily for the services you have rendered here this evening. We thank you heartily for the services you rendered us in Bristol a while ago. We hope to see you and hear you once more there. Now with all my heart I second this resolution.

The Rev. MARSHALL HARTLEY  
(Secretary of the Conference) said—



Mr. Hughes, in his flights of imagination as well as oratory, sometimes misses the mark. He did to-night, in my humble judgment, when he fancied the President of the Conference a back-seat man. The President can never be a back-seat man during his year of office. But Mr. Watkinson is not one of the men who could ever be lost—even in a back seat, if he were found there. You have heard the resolution,

and I am sure you will accord to the President your heartiest acknowledgment of his interest in this movement, and his presence in the chair to-night.

The PRESIDENT said—

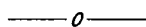
I thank you very sincerely. We must all feel that this has been an extraordinary day, full of power and pleasantness, and I am only sorry to think my services

have been the poorest contribution. I thank you very sincerely.

The Rev. T. E. Westerdale announced that, as the result of the celebration, the actual amount taken was £1165, 1s. 2d.

The Doxology was then sung, and the proceedings terminated.

# Wesley's House Settlement and Endowment Deeds.



THE more one hears of the history of the negotiations that have led to this remarkable endowment, the more is one convinced that an overruling and merciful Providence has been directing the entire issue. In the words of the Right Hon. Sir Henry H. Fowler, we are constrained to congratulate the Wilson Street Trustees "on so wise and worthy an application of their great windfall." Thirty years ago these good brethren, who have placed this great gift at the disposal of Wesley's Chapel Trustees, were all of them members of Society in the City Road Circuit, the Mission itself constituting one of the places on the City Road plan. At that time City Road was a strong and commanding circuit, so strong that it had to find varying outlets for its surplus energy. One group founded the Chequer Alley Mission, which was the centre of a very blessed and successful work in one of the darkest regions of all London. Another group founded the Jewin Street cause, which for a time had a career of great usefulness. A third group looked eastward in the direction of Old Bishopsgate Street, and bought a small plot of leasehold land in a long dark, dismal alley strangely miscalled "Angel Alley." Here for years these faithful servants of God carried on a little mission school, with varying success.

One fortunate day strong conviction was borne in upon the most active spirit amongst them, Mr. Ralph Smith, who still survives, that they ought to secure the freehold. The teachers of the mission school set to work, and in a short time the sum of £230 was raised, and with the £230 the freehold was purchased; and hardly was the ink dry on the parchment which made this group of mission school workers the absolute owners of the property, than the property itself was scheduled by one of the great London railways, the sale ultimately issuing in the amazing total of £6400. This capital sum has been doing good service in many ways ever since by grants and loans. Once for a short period the trustees embarked upon an interesting speculation in Wilson Street, within sight of the City Road Chapel itself. This is how the "Angel Alley Trustees" became designated the "Wilson Street Trustees," but the venture not turning out so successful as the promoters contemplated, in a happy moment they sold out and realised exactly the money the Wilson Street building in the first instance cost. In the meantime, under the leadership of the late John W. Gabriel, the Radnor Street Schools were built. Towards that enterprise the Wilson Street Trustees made the generous grant of £1250, and by other charitable operations the original £6400 was reduced to £5000. It is this £5000 remainder which the Wilson Street Trustees have now handed over to the circuit chapel for the permanent maintenance of Wesley's House, etc. etc., the following being the full text of the legal documents relating to the transaction :—

## I

**Memorandum of Agreement Between the Wilson Street Trustees and the Wesley's Chapel Trust in respect to the endowment of Wesley's House and the work of God in connection with Wesley's Chapel**

At a meeting of the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel City

Road London held on Friday October fifteenth specially convened to consider the use to be made of Wesley's house now surrendered by the Circuit as a ministerial residence After careful consideration of the local and connexional interests associated with the house in which Wesley lived and died and now for the first time in its history ceasing to be used as a ministerial residence

On the motion of Mr. G. W. Munt seconded by Mr. George W. Kilner supported by the Reverend Charles H. Kelly and others it was unanimously resolved

That inasmuch as the removal of the New North Road Minister from Wesley's House affords a favourable opportunity for the conversion of Wesley's House into a Methodist Institution for the residence of Christian Workers and for the setting aside in perpetuity the three rooms on the first floor known as Wesley's Rooms and the other rooms of the house as may be required in future years for the reception and preservation of old Wesley furniture relics documents pictures drawings books etc. etc. as they may from time to time be given or bequeathed to the custody of Wesley's Chapel Trustees the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel very earnestly and respectfully appeal to the surviving Trustees of the Wilson Street Trust to come to their assistance in securing and setting apart of Wesley's House for ever for the above-named purposes and for the direct support of the work of God in connection with Wesley's Chapel

The Trustees of Wesley's Chapel gratefully acknowledge the generous assistance which the Wilson Street Trust has in various ways for many years rendered to the City Road Circuit without which assistance they would often have been in serious difficulties and they would suggest that the removal of the New North Road Minister from Wesley's House leaving Wesley's House empty and desolate involving both the Circuit and Wesley's Chapel Trust in a very serious expenditure, opens up to the Wilson Street Trustees an unique and special opportunity for the permanent investment of the capital and employ-



ment for the interest of the funds they hold in trust in a way which would not only relieve Wesley's Chapel Trust from an immense and almost crushing burden but would also at the same time be an act which they are assured would commend itself to the judgment of the Conference and the Methodist people at large as a most suitable gracious and memorable endowment

The Wesley's Chapel Trustees therefore invite the Trustees of Wilson Street Trust to meet them in conference with the view of transferring the money they now hold as Wilson Street Trustees for a permanent endowment of Wesley's House and the work of God in connection with Wesley's Chapel. In the event of these suggestions meeting with the approval and consent of the Wilson Street Trustees, the Wesley's Chapel Trustees on their part agree

- (1) Within three calendar months to execute a new Trust Deed for Wesley's Chapel Trust embodying the above resolutions
- (2) To include in such new Trust body all the surviving members of the Wilson Street Trust (who are willing to join) as Trustees of Wesley's Chapel
- (3) FURTHER they promise and agree never to use any part of the Capital so transferred for any purpose whatsoever without the consent of the Conference previously given
- (4) And lastly they resolve in connection with such endowment of Wesley's House and the work of God in connection with Wesley's Chapel to endeavour to raise a further sum of three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds eight shillings and three pence for the four following purposes
  - £600 for the repair of the roof and putting in thorough order the basement apartments and refurnishing Wesley's House as a residence for Christian workers

£657 18s 1d for the purchase of the Fifty-seven years' lease and completing the furnishing of the New North Road Minister's house situate in Grosvenor Road Canonbury  
 £442 10s 2d to pay off the balance still owing at the Bank on account of the Centenary Fund and

£1450 to repay that amount borrowed in connection with the Building Accounts of the Superintendent's House 49 City Road  
 Total £3150 8s 3d

And with the view to a more complete representation of these proposals We appoint the Reverend Charles H. Kelly and the Reverend T. E. Westerdale the Superintendent of the Circuit a deputation to interview the Wilson Street Trustees

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## The Reply of the Wilson Street Trustees

At a meeting of the Wilson Street Trustees held at Wesley's Chapel on Monday November eighth One thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven duly convened to consider a Circular statement *re* the endowment of Wesley's House there being present at such Trustees' Meeting the following seven out of the eight surviving Trustees viz.—William Pope, J. J. Yeo, Harold G. Smith, John Sidey, Thomas Atkinson, H. A. Blasdale, R. A. Grieve, The Reverend T. E. Westerdale in the Chair (Edward Morgan of Clapton being the only absentee) On the motion of Mr. R. A. Grieve seconded by Mr. Harold G. Smith it was resolved

- (1) To receive and accept the proposals of the Wesley's Chapel Trustees subject to the next two following resolutions and we direct that the statement

of the Wesley's Chapel Trust and our Reply be recorded on our Trustees' Minute Book Carried unanimously all seven Trustees voting

- (2) On the motion of Mr. William Pope seconded by Mr. John Sidey the following resolution was then submitted and unanimously passed (all seven Trustees voting)

WE the undersigned Trustees of the Wilson Street Trust within the City Road Circuit having heard the proposals in respect to the endowment of Wesley's House and the work of God in connection with Wesley's Chapel agree subject to the conditions therein named to endow Wesley's House and the work of God at Wesley's Chapel with the interest of the money now held in trust by us and for the more satisfactory carrying out of the same we cancel and abolish our own separate Trust Estate and consent to our becoming members of Wesley's Chapel Trust

- (3) FURTHER on the motion of Mr. William Pope seconded by Mr. Harold G. Smith it was resolved that We agree only to this transference and vesting of our Trust moneys on condition that the Deed that conveys the money shall distinctly provide that the "principal Funds" now in our possession shall be kept intact in perpetuity and however they be dealt with the income arising therefrom shall only be used for the purposes herein defined

#### NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS:

- (1) "*By the Endowment of the work of God at Wesley's Chapel*" We mean to draw a clear distinction between the property or building and the work of God carried on in connection with the building *i.e.* the interest arising from this Endowment

Fund is not to be used in maintenance of the fabric except as to that part of the Trust Estate known as Wesley's House but solely and entirely in maintenance of the work of God in connection with the Society and Congregation but this may include the rendering of assistance to the Wesley's Chapel Quarterly Meeting. We wish further to add that in the event of Wesley's House being entirely appropriated for the purposes of a Methodist Museum and becoming self-supporting then the interest of this Endowment Fund shall be solely and entirely devoted to the furtherance of the work of God in connection with Wesley's Chapel

- (2) By the term "Deed" used in this agreement we mean a "Deed" separate from this Agreement and separate from the Deed appointing new Trustees *i.e.* a Deed that shall legally carry out the conditions of our Endowment and make those conditions binding in perpetuity upon the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel

**As Witness** our hands and seals this eighth day of November One thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

WILLIAM POPE  
JOHN JAS. YEO  
HENRY ASKEW BLASDALE  
HAROLD GODWIN SMITH  
R. A. GRIEVE  
JOHN SIDEY  
THOS. ATKINSON  
EDWARD MORGAN  
MARSHALL HARTLEY

THOMAS LYLE  
GEORGE LIDGETT  
GEO. K. GOSSOP  
T. MORGAN HARVEY  
WALFORD GREEN  
J. SCOTT LIDGETT  
RALPH SMITH  
JABEZ TASKER  
G. W. MUNT

Signed sealed and delivered by the  
above-named Trustees in the presence  
of

T. E. WESTERDALE  
CHARLES H. KELLY

**At** a resumed meeting of the Wesley's Chapel Trustees duly convened to consider the reply of the Wilson Street Trustees held on Thursday the eleventh day of November One thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven the Reverend Thomas Ellaby Westerdale Superintendent of the Circuit presiding the following resolution was unanimously passed

“Having received the reply of the Wilson Street Trustees generously agreeing to our suggestions *re* the endowment of Wesley's House and the work of God at Wesley's Chapel We desire at once to place on record our high appreciation of those considerations and sentiments which have led the Wilson Street Trustees to their unanimous decision We re-affirm our resolutions as originally sent down to them and agree to the stipulations the Wilson Street Trustees make in respect to the non-appropriation of the “Capital Funds” and the nature of the Conveyance Deed as therein stated And further we give instructions to our Solicitors Messrs. Ingle, Holmes & Sons of Threadneedle Street E.C. to prepare and execute such a deed on or before the next meeting of the Trustees and direct the Superintendent of the Circuit to take all steps necessary for the due appointment of the surviving Trustees of Wilson Street Trust as Trustees of Wesley's Chapel

Signed on behalf of the Wesley's Chapel Trustees

*Chairman*—T. E. WESTERDALE

The Eleventh day of November One thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven

The full text of the Conveyance Deed subsequently executed is as follows, almost the last signature appended being that of the late William Fiddian Moulton :—

## II

**This Indenture** Made the eleventh day of January One thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight **Between** William Pope of No. 100 London Wall in the City of London Sadler John James Yeo of No. 29 Therapia Road Honor Oak in the County of Surrey Gentleman Harold Godwin Smith of No. 75 Aldermanbury in the said City of London Wholesale Draper John Sidey of No. 56 Church Road Southgate Road in the County of London Gentleman Henry Askew Blasdale of No. 13 Newick Road Clapton in the County of London Hatter Robert Alexander Grieve of No. 84 East Road Hoxton in the County of London Butcher Thomas Atkinson of No. 40 Oakley Road Southgate Road in the County of London Gentleman and Edward Morgan of Clapton in the County of London Gentleman hereinafter called the Wilson Street Trustees of the one part The Reverend Thomas Ellaby Westerdale of City Road in the County of London Wesleyan Minister the present Superintendent of the Circuit in which the hereditaments and premises hereinafter described are situate of the second part and John Brouncker Ingle of City Bank Chambers 20 Threadneedle Street in the said City of London Solicitor George Lidgett of 6 Lime Street Square in the said City of London Ship Owner William Willmer Pocock of No. 77 Marina St. Leonards-on-Sea in the County of Sussex Gentleman Ralph Smith of "Santoft" Belvedere Road Upper Norwood in the County of Surrey Gentleman the said John James Yeo the said Henry Askew Blasdale, Jabez Tasker of No. 7 Colebrooke Row Islington in the said County of London Gentleman George Kennington Gossop of 65 New North Road in the said County of London Chemist Walter Robert Stokes of No. 99 Englefield Road Essex Road in the said County of London Basket Maker Thomas Morgan Harvey of Bohun Lodge East Barnet in the County of Middlesex Merchant

James Calvert Coates of No. 109 Highbury Quadrant in the said County of London Merchant George William Kilner of No. 105 Mount View Road Stroud Green in the said County of London Gentleman William Vanner of 1 Coleman Street in the City of London Silk Mercer John Wesley Walker of No. 4 Crauford Rise Maidenhead in the County of Berks Gentleman Thomas Lyle M.A. of 78 Shacklewell Lane Dalston in the said County of London Gentleman George William Munt of "Oakwood" Haslemere Road Crouch End Hill in the said County of Middlesex Gentleman The Reverend William Fiddian Moulton M.A. D.D. of The Leys Cambridge in the County of Cambridge Wesleyan Minister The Reverend David James Waller D.D. of No. 3 Macaulay Road Clapham Common in the said County of London Wesleyan Minister The Reverend Charles Henry Kelly of 7 Spanish Close Wandsworth Common in the said County of London Wesleyan Minister The Reverend James Harrison Rigg D.D. of No. 79 Brixton Hill in the said County of London Wesleyan Minister The Reverend Thomas Bowman Stephenson D.D. of Bonner Road Victoria Park in the said County of London Wesleyan Minister The Reverend Walford Green of Macartney House Greenwich Park in the County of Kent Wesleyan Minister The Reverend John Scott Lidgett M.A. of the Bermondsey Settlement Farncombe Street in the said County of London Wesleyan Minister and The Reverend Marshall Hartley of No. 36 Cedars Road Clapham in the said County of London Wesleyan Minister (hereinafter called the Wesley's Chapel Trustees) of the third part

WHEREAS by an Indenture dated the third day of July One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two and made or expressed to be made between John Sutcliffe Benjamin Garside Francis Farnell John Swallow Thomas Firth Robert Wilson Samuel Naylor John Fearby Sutcliffe Thomas Fox Sutcliffe Charles Swallow John Swallow the Younger Samuel Morley Joseph Garside (accountant) William Farnell and Joseph Garside (wood turner) of

the first part The Reverend George Marsden of the second part and James Brown of the third part and enrolled in His Majesty's High Court of Chancery on the twenty-fifth day of July One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two a certain piece or parcel of land and chapel or place of religious worship with the appurtenances situate at Skircoat in the Parish of Halifax in the County of York were settled for the use of the people called Methodists in the connexion established by the then late Reverend John Wesley and such last mentioned Indenture is known as the "The Model Deed for Wesleyan Methodist Chapels"

AND WHEREAS there is now vested in the Wesley's Chapel Trustees a piece or parcel of land and a chapel known as Wesley's Chapel together with a freehold messuage or dwelling-house known as Wesley's House with the appurtenances situate in the City Road in the County of London upon such and the same trusts and to and for such and the same ends intents and purposes and with and subject to such and the same powers and provisions as are expressed contained and declared or referred to in and by the said Model Deed

AND WHEREAS the Wilson Street Trustees are now possessed of Four thousand four hundred and eighty-six pounds ten shillings Three pounds ten shillings per cent India Stock at present standing in the names of the said William Pope John James Yeo and Harold Godwin Smith at the Bank of England as Trustees for them

AND WHEREAS it has been proposed and agreed with the consent and concurrence of the said Thomas Ellaby Westerdale as such Superintendent Minister as aforesaid testified by his being a party to and executing these presents that the said sum of Four thousand four hundred and eighty-six pounds ten shillings Three pounds ten shillings per cent India Stock should be transferred into the names of the said William Pope Harold Godwin Smith Thomas Ellaby Westerdale and Charles Henry Kelly to be held by them upon the trusts and to and for the ends intents and purposes and with under and subject



to the powers and provisions next hereinafter declared and contained concerning the same

NOW THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH that in consideration of the premises. It is hereby agreed and declared that the said William Pope Harold Godwin Smith Thomas Ellaby Westerdale and Charles Henry Kelly shall stand possessed of the sum of Four thousand four hundred and eighty-six pounds ten shillings Three pounds ten shillings per cent India Stock when so transferred to them as aforesaid Upon the trusts following (that is to say) UPON TRUST either to retain the said India Stock in its present state of investment or with the consent in writing of the Wesley's Chapel Trustees to be given at a meeting of such Trustees duly convened and held for that purpose to sell the same and invest the moneys produced by such sale in the names of the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel for the time being in or upon any of the securities which Trustees are authorised to hold or retain by any Act of Parliament in force for the time being and may from time to time at their discretion vary or transpose such investments into or for others of the like nature And shall stand possessed of the investments for the time being representing the said sum of Four thousand four hundred and eighty-six pounds ten shillings Three pounds ten shillings per cent India Stock hereinafter called "the trust funds" Upon the trusts and to and for the ends intents and purposes and with under and subject to the powers and provisions in the said Model Deed expressed contained and referred to and in particular IN TRUST to pay and apply the income thereof or so much as may be necessary for the time being for or towards the repair maintenance and general support of Wesley's House aforesaid to such extent and generally in such manner as the Trustees of Wesley's Chapel for the time being in their uncontrolled discretion shall from time to time think necessary and proper

PROVIDED ALWAYS and it is hereby agreed and declared that if Wesley's House shall at any time cease

to be used as such a residence as aforesaid or if and so often as the income received in connection with Wesley's House aforesaid either alone or with the addition of the income of the trust funds shall in any year prove more than sufficient to meet and defray all the expenses incurred in the repair maintenance and general support of Wesley's House aforesaid then the Wesley's Chapel Trustees shall pay and apply the whole or surplus part of the income of the trust funds as the case may be as though such income formed part of the rents profits and income due and payable to them in respect of the said premises held by them upon the trusts of the Model Deed

PROVIDED ALWAYS that such surplus income after satisfying the preceding trusts shall be used and appropriated by such last-mentioned Trustees for the development of the work of God in connection with the said Wesley's Chapel as distinct from and in priority to the maintenance of the fabric

PROVIDED ALWAYS and it is hereby expressly agreed and declared by and between all parties hereto that the said principal sum of Four thousand four hundred and eighty-six pounds ten shillings India Three pounds ten shillings per cent Stock or other the Stocks Funds or Securities for the time being representing the same or the annual income thereof shall not be appropriated to any other objects or purposes than those hereinbefore expressed and declared concerning the same nor shall the said principal sum or other the Stocks Funds or Securities for the time being representing the same be transferred or assigned to any other persons or person without the consent in writing of the Yearly Conference for the time being mentioned and defined in the said Model Deed

IN WITNESS whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the above-named William Pope, John James Yeo, Harold Godwin Smith, John Sidey, Richard Alexander Grieve, Thomas Atkinson, Thomas Ellaby Westerdale, George Lidgett, Ralph Smith, Jabez Tasker, George Kennington Gossop, Thomas Morgan Harvey, George William Kilner, John Wesley Walker, Thomas Lyle, George William Munt, David James Waller, Charles Henry Kelly, Walford Green, and John Scott Lidgett in the presence of

J. B. INGLE,

Solicitor,

20 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

Signed, sealed, and delivered, by the above-named Henry Askew Blasdale, Edward Morgan, John Brouncker Ingle, William Willmer Pocock, Walter Robert Stokes, William Vanner, William Fiddian Moulton, James Harrison Rigg, and Marshall Hartley, in the presence of

THOS. E. WESTERDALE,

49 City Road, London, E.C.

Wesleyan Minister

Signed, sealed, and delivered, by the above-named James Calvert Coates and Thomas Bowman Stephenson, in the presence of

GEORGE LINDER,

Clerk to Messrs. Ingle, Holmes, & Sons, Solicitors, 20 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

WM. POPE

JOHN JAS. YEO

HAROLD GODWIN SMITH

JOHN SIDEY

HENRY ASKEW BLASDALE

R. A. GRIEVE

THOS. ATKINSON

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